

The Nation

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Events of the Week.

THE Prince of Wales had a wonderful reception in London on his return from his tour of the world, due partly to his personality, and partly to the romance of his journey. We are glad to be told that he is now to have a period of rest and half-retirement, to be followed by a tour of industrial Britain, which will, we hope, include the districts where thousands of British workmen are not far removed from starvation. The world of pleasure always opens its gates to Prince Charming and offers him its many-tinted cup of curious delights. But the world of work is a little more important and a great deal harder to enter.

As we go to press we receive the horrifying news of the assassination of Sir Henry Wilson by men said to be Irishmen. If so, this is the fruit of that policy of reprisals for which, not so long ago, British Ministers had a word to say. What its sequel may be we can all guess or fear.

THE Irish elections have revealed, in a degree surprising to the most hopeful mind, Ireland's anxiety for peace and ordered Government. The opponents of the Treaty have been heavily defeated; men and women have voted fearlessly for Independent and Labor candidates; the elections have passed almost without incident; and General Rory O'Connor had to content himself with one silly intervention at the counting of the votes in the National University. These are most encouraging facts. The triumph of Labor is emphatic and complete, for almost every Labor candidate was successful. Mr. Johnson, one of the ablest men in Ireland, is elected for Dublin County, and Mr. O'Brien for Dublin City. At Cork the Labor candidate, Mr. Day, heads the poll; and in Louth and Meath Mr. O'Shannon received more than twice as many preferences as any other candidate. Among the prominent opponents of the Treaty Mr. Childers, Mr. Mellows (his predecessor as editor of the "Republic of Ireland"), Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Pearce, and Countess Markievitz, have lost their seats. Miss McSwiney is the last of the successful candidates in Cork City. Of the Independent candidates Mr. Darrell Figgis (who received over 10,000 preferences), and the Lord Mayor of Dublin (who received over 9,000) have won the most

remarkable victories. Mr. Griffith's personal prestige is emphasized by the result in Cavan, where he received twice as many preferences as anybody else. Mr. Collins is in much the same position in Mid-Cork. It is significant that in Cork City most of the second votes given by the electors who put Mr. Day, the Labor candidate, at the head of the poll, went to Pro-Treaty candidates. The system of proportional representation has enabled constituencies to express an opinion on the Treaty in spite of the coupon plan, and that opinion is unmistakable. In Dublin the anti-Treaty Parliamentary candidates received 10,928 votes; the pro-Treaty Parliamentary candidates 36,762; the Independent candidates 25,597; and the Labor candidates 9,929. The final results as we write suggest that the anti-Treaty party will be in a minority of well over fifty in a Dáil of 128 members. But for the pact they would hardly have appeared there at all.

WHAT will be the result of the elections in Ulster? There the situation is as desperate as ever. Last Saturday morning a series of brutal murders were committed by two gangs of Sinn Féin assassins on the border between Armagh and Down; there have been the usual outrages on Catholics and the usual destruction of houses, shops, and streets in Belfast. In the midst of the diabolical havoc it seems strange that Mr. Devlin should consider the searching of Cardinal Logue's motor-car a scandal of such exceptional importance as to demand Parliamentary notice. The truth that Belfast is doomed unless some concerted attempt can be made to restrain the passions that are consuming it is so obvious that it is deemed inconceivable that no steps will be taken towards a settlement. We hope the British Government will make it clear that the British taxpayer is not going to bear any part of the expense of this wanton destruction. When that has been done it may be easier for the reasonable men on both sides to come together, and the election is a proof that the reasonable men are in the ascendant in the South.

THE Irish Constitution is a document of the first importance alike in its international and its domestic character. Most persons turn first to those articles that define the relations of Ireland to Great Britain. In those articles the precedents of Dominion Constitution are followed, except that the oath of allegiance takes the lesser form that the Treaty provides: "I... do solemnly swear true faith and allegiance to the Constitution of the Irish Free State as by law established, and that I will be faithful to H.M. King George V., his heirs, and successors by law in virtue of the common citizenship of Ireland with Great Britain, and her adherence to a membership of the group of nations forming the British Commonwealth of Nations." This oath will trouble some Irish consciences, but it does not differ very seriously from the oath that Mr. de Valera was prepared to accept last December. It is expressly provided that save in the case of actual invasion the Free State shall not be committed to active participation in any war without the assent of the Parliament. One of the articles claims for the representative of the Crown the right to withhold the King's assent or to reserve a Bill presented by the Irish Parliament; but the same article takes the sting out of this

provision, for it prescribes that the King's representative is to act in accordance with the usage or practice in Canada, and there, of course, this right is absolute. The choice of the title Governor-General will disappoint some Irishmen, who wished for a title that corresponded more closely with the actual function of the King's representative. It is also provided that he shall have the salary paid to the Governor-General of Australia, and that the Free State shall supply the funds for the maintenance of his official residence and establishment. We hope this does not mean that there will be any attempt to keep up the state of the Viceroyal Lodge.

As a scheme of government the Constitution makes all Dominion Constitutions look dull and unimaginative. It is the work of enterprising and conscientious minds, and although nothing but experience can test its capacity, it shows at any rate a grasp of the kind of problem that modern democracy has to solve. It opens with two declaratory articles: "The Irish Free State is a co-equal member of the community of nations forming the British Commonwealth of Nations." "All powers of government and all authority, legislative, executive, and judicial, are derived from the people, and the same shall be exercised in the Irish Free State through the organizations established by or under and in accord with this consideration." Another article forbids the conferment of titles in connection with services to the Free State except on the advice of the Executive Council. Sir Wilfrid Laurier pressed for this rule, and the recent departures from it have provoked a popular explosion in Canada.

THE most novel feature of the scheme is the provision for the Executive Government. There is to be a President of the Council, elected by the Chamber; three Ministers appointed by the President; and others, not exceeding eight, to be appointed by the Chamber on a principle of proportional representation from outside the Chamber. These departmental members are not members of the Dáil, and they hold office as long as the Chamber lasts. The Ministers who are members of the Chamber correspond to our Cabinet in the sense that they stand or fall together as the Chamber approves or condemns. Another article authorizes the setting up of vocational or functional councils, and it is provided that Parliament may decide to accept the nominations of these councils when appointing Ministers. Thus the Irish Constitution copies partly from the English system and partly from the Swiss system, throwing in some of the main ideas inspired by the Guild movement. For various reasons Ireland might afford a suitable field for experiments of this kind.

THE George-Poincaré conversation on Monday has been hailed in France with a satisfaction which throws instructive light on the anxiety France's growing isolation has inspired. For useful as the cursory interchange of ideas no doubt was, the interview led to no tangible results of any kind, apart from a decision that a formal meeting between the two Premiers should take place, with or without Italian representation, on some date in July. The marked characteristic of the Downing Street interview was the studious avoidance of controversial topics. The reparations question was discussed in certain aspects, but not the matter of inter-Allied debts. On the proposed commissions of inquiry into atrocities in the Near East full accord was reached, but on the much more vexed question of the steps to be taken to restore peace in that area the differing views of the Allies were left as divergent as ever. In regard to Tangier it was agreed, as it has been agreed for months past, that an Anglo-

Franco-Spanish conference should be held to thrash out the whole problem, but nothing appears to have been said to diminish French and British differences. Furthermore, M. Poincaré discreetly refrained from raising in any definite form the proposal for a Franco-British pact. That project is in no great favor in any quarter here, and will be uncompromisingly opposed by Liberalism and Labor. There are means of giving France the security she wants, if she wants it. But of all possible methods a separate and sectional understanding is the worst.

ON one other disputed question, the discussions with the Russians at The Hague, an agreement, hedged round with every kind of qualification, has been reached. M. Poincaré, after sending his Minister at The Hague to attend the preliminary conversations between the non-Russian States, is prepared to allow his experts to take part in the further negotiations that open next Monday with the Russians. That is, on condition that the agreements reached between the Allies at Genoa are maintained, that the experts' decisions bind no one, and that every political question is ruthlessly ruled out. Belgium is to participate on the same terms, and the organization of the three non-Russian Commissions has now been completed and reported to Moscow. What Russians will attend, and with what powers, is still quite uncertain, for the changes and intrigues incidental to Lenin's incapacity may well change the whole situation. Even apart from that the repudiation by the Soviet Government of the Treaty concluded by Chicherin and Krassin with Italy at Rapallo is of no very happy augury for agreement at The Hague.

THE actual partitioning of Upper Silesia is at last in operation, and by the middle of July there will be some basis for judgments as to whether the optimists' view or the pessimists' of the League of Nations decision was justified. However that may be, almost anything is better than a continuance of the *régime* under which the province has suffered for over three years. To get the Allied troops, particularly, of course, the French, out of Silesia will be to remove one fertile source of provocation. The first moves in the transfer of powers have been effected without incident, and there is some evidence that the Poles are on their best behavior in the portion of the province of which they now obtain sovereignty. It is to be given a large measure of autonomy, and its first governor is a native Silesian; but what the political status of the large minority of Germans will be is not entirely clear. They are entitled under the League award to retain their German citizenship for fifteen years, and it remains to be seen whether under the new constitution that will debar them from exercising the franchise in elections for the local Diet. In any event, Germany's solicitude for her interests in the now Polish section of Silesia constitutes a strong argument for her entry into the League of Nations.

WE see it suggested that the Protectionist policy of the Government is leading to a revolt of the Liberal "Coalies." It is, of course, true that Protection by subsidies (25s. a ton to bolster up an absolute failure in beet factories, mainly run by foreign capital!); Protection by the prohibitive tariff (to the double injury of the British consumer and the British maker of raw material); Protection by automatic State action, are all in full swing, and that step by step Free Trade is being destroyed. But who is the "revolt" against? The arch-traitors to Free Trade are Mr. George and Mr. Churchill. The latter made his fame and political fortune in the Free Trade election of 1906; and the former filled his first office in a Free Trade Government. But this attack

on Free Trade is made through them; and is possible only by their continued leadership of the Coalition. Nowadays unprincipled men can call themselves anything; but the term Liberal might, we think, be as safely denied to the authors of the Safeguarding of Industries Act as to the Tory and Protectionist Chancellor who makes an open mock of Free Trade from his place by the Prime Minister's side.

* * *

THE Government have (quite naturally) turned down the proposal of a Committee of Inquiry into the system of distributing public honors. Such an inquiry could only plunge them deeper in disgrace than any English Ministry since Walpole's. But we hope that the House of Lords, which is a little concerned in the matter, will pay some attention to Sir Frederick Banbury's letter in the "Morning Post" concerning the gift of a peerage to a certain Sir William Vestey, of whom neither we nor one Englishman in ten thousand had ever heard till a few days ago, unless indeed they had been readers of certain evidence given before the Royal Commission on the Income Tax in 1919. From this it appeared that Sir William Vestey's company, with a capital of twenty millions, removed its domicile in 1915, *a year of war*, to the Argentine Republic in order to escape taxation. Sir William himself, our new and trusty peer, went there too, and when asked where he was domiciled, replied that he was "technically abroad" at present, and that that position of affairs suited him admirably. "I am abroad. I pay nothing," he added. This is the man whom the King at the Prime Minister's request has had to delight not only in honoring, but in turning into a lawgiver for taxpayers and others who cannot "domicile" themselves in the Argentine Republic when a war is on.

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THE Prime Minister has very callously dismissed the deputation which asked for State help for the Poor Law authorities who find the burden of unemployment too heavy to bear. Mr. George's suggestion was that their difficulties would soon pass away. That is either gross cynicism or shows a lamentable ignorance of the facts. The Prime Minister declares that localities which prevented women and children from starving during the coal stoppage must now pay the penalty in the shape of crushing rates. A policy of this kind places Mr. George definitely in the camp of the more reactionary employers. Unless the reports do him great injustice, the Prime Minister did not show one glimmer of sympathy with this hard administrative case. When he says that Parliament would not readily sanction the relief asked for he may be reminded that not so long ago he was willing to share the "last crust" with the workless. Instead of warning Guardians that they will be punished for administering the law, he might share a crust of some sort with the numerous Welsh folk whose circumstances Miss Evelyn Sharp is now reporting to the "Herald." She tells us of miners' wives who have gone mad through watching their children starve.

* * *

MR. HENDERSON's speech at the meeting of the Second International in London last Sunday was admirable alike in tone and substance. Whatever one's views on Socialism as an economic policy may be, it is undeniable that on international affairs the movement stands for peace, anti-militarism, and friendship between the peoples. Unfortunately, differences on comparatively minor points of Socialist doctrine have split the historic Social Democratic Parties into hostile sections, while Moscow's tactics of disruption have added to the discord. Mr. Henderson rightly attributed to these divisions the failure of the movement against reaction at a time when

a united and well-directed international workers' organization might have made every Government in Europe feel its power. Unfortunately, the Conference forgot Mr. Henderson's plea to avoid recriminations as soon as it was made. Moscow was denounced in language so fierce as hardly to serve the cause of Georgia or of the Social Revolutionaries now on trial. It would have been more politic to tell the Moscow leaders, with friendly candor, that if they shoot their Socialist prisoners (which we are informed they will not do), or go on forcing their Government on Georgia, they can hardly expect help from Western Socialism. There were signs that a section of the delegates favored a more conciliatory tone. The speeches of the German, French, and Belgian delegates on Reparations and the Peace Treaty showed restraint and good feeling.

* * *

MR. TAIT's visit to this country is not merely the jaunt of a distinguished American tourist. It is the visit of a judge who presides over a court as honorable in its traditions as any other judicial body in the world, and more powerful in its scope. It is no small compliment to our judicial system that the Supreme Court of the United States should have thought its methods not merely worthy of study but of possible emulation. That compliment, however, must not blind us to the lessons we can ourselves learn from American legal experience. The system which limits counsel's speeches in the Supreme Court to an extreme margin of three hours, and a normal margin of one, saves both the court's and the suitor's time. The teaching of law in the United States is at least a generation ahead of our own; and there is no such scandal as that obstinacy of the Inns of Court which so effectively prevents our universities from becoming great schools of law. "Taught law," said Maitland, "is tough law"; and a law school like that of Harvard is not merely a great educational instrument, but a superb centre of legal reform. It is a matter of no light interest that whereas in America most efforts at legal improvement come from the lawyers themselves, in this country they are usually forced upon lawyers from without. While our judges and counsel unite to give Mr. Tait the fruits of their experience, we hope they will also learn from him something of their defects.

* * *

THE problem of the "reform" of the Lords almost approaches the conceivable. Before the end of July Lord Curzon is to move the Government resolutions. Then begins a controversy as difficult as any this Administration has faced. We are still sceptical as to the Government's seriousness. Sir George Younger does not want a dissolution without a reform of the Second Chamber; Mr. Chamberlain has almost pledged himself to reform. But the "Liberal" Wing of the Coalition has no interest in the effort; and even Mr. Lloyd George might well view the repeal of the Parliament Act—Sir G. Younger's avowed object—as a disaster of the first importance. If we are really at the end of the long series of hesitations, a constitutional crisis of the first magnitude is being prepared. Neither Liberalism nor Labor could look at any strengthening of the powers of the Upper House without insisting that the will of the Commons must remain predominant, beyond all dispute. That is not, of course, the object of Sir G. Younger and his friends. They aim, quite frankly, at strengthening property against democracy. Their effort is only part of a wider scheme, in which the attack on the political funds of the trade unions has an important place. Few tests of Mr. George's Liberalism will be so searching as this.

Politics and Affairs.

ON THE STATE OF PARTIES.

MR. HENDERSON is an able, even an accomplished public man, and his recent speeches on the policy of the Labor Party are a reasoned and temperate appeal to opinion. We are especially glad to see that Mr. Henderson defines with some precision the relationship of his party to Bolshevism. In our opinion it has in this matter been grossly maligned. Neither the Prime Minister nor Mr. Churchill can be called scrupulous fighters, but their production of a highly colored picture of Russian Communism, underwritten with the legend "This is what British Labor is coming to" was not fighting at all; it was immoral caricature. Nevertheless, Mr. Henderson is wise to take note of it, and to present the electors, who must one day judge between truth and its travesty, with a fairly good measure of the differences between his party and Lenin's. The root of these differences we take to be this. The Labor Party is not, like Lenin, summoning its followers to a social state in which there can be no give or take with the old order, because its extermination is decreed. Mr. Henderson desires a corrected order, to be gradually introduced, by experiment here and there, and with compensation to the dispossessed. Also he designs this process to be one of persuasion. It is to be non-violent, tolerant, democratic, and liberal. If property is checked here and there, it is not to lose the right of appeal and protest. Only it must be understood that the conception of the Labor Party is one of a new status. There must be a rise, definite and secured, in the condition, culture, and reward of the workmen. There must also be an era of experiment in the organization of industry. Adequate scope must be given to the co-operative idea, the partnership idea, the joint management idea, the collectivist idea. Pure capitalism must recede. It is not necessary to assume the mass of manual workers automatically fitted to step at once into the seat of Government, and to control it on totally new principles. Neither need we suppose that wisdom lives or dies with the directors of the forces, at once selfish and blind, that made the Great War.

Here, then, is the promise of a definite direction of opinion. In such and such a path, we may assume, a Labor Ministry would go. We suspect that the country hardly realizes what a relief this offers from the unspeakable degradation of Coalitionist politics. With the prospect of a Labor or a Liberal Government it will again be possible for it to taste and see what a political principle means. It will be seen to be not really necessary to the government of England for men of opposite views—such as Mr. George and Mr. Chamberlain on Free Trade—to sit together in council and for the sake of office and convenience agree to swop any one of them for its contrary. There will be a chance to measure the moral levity of men whom nothing deters from pivoting on their heels to every new slant of the wind. Whatever the Labor Party produces in the way of policy, should it come into power, it will at least bring us back to an ethical conception of politics. And there is great gain. Let us say that a Labor Government, or as we should prefer to call it a Social-Radical Government, will be a little wanting in experience, in attraction and variety of appeal. At least it will not be weakness in the mind of the nation, and corruption in its soul. It will not sit at the receipt of custom, and for a consideration pass rich nobodies by the score through the peerage or the

rest of the peep-shows of Vanity Fair. If it can hardly be a more expensive Government than Mr. Lloyd George's, it will certainly be a purer one, and the word of a British Minister may once more be taken as something nearly resembling his bond to the innumerable dependents on the honor of the British Commonwealth.

It is when we come to the actual situation in politics that we see what a long way the country has still to travel before it can hope to strike the return path to decent government. Time passes; this is the fourth year of Coalition rule. The constituencies have done all that was possible to show what they think of Mr. George and his Government. But the way to political change in England lies through the growth of a strong Opposition, the seed-bed of the coming Administration. Now there is no Parliamentary Opposition. There are men and sections that oppose. The Die-Hards are good snipers, and when Labor and Liberalism are not furtively training their guns on each other, they put a hot shot or two into Mr. George's quarters. But that is about all that it comes to. The blunders of the Coalition would have destroyed half-a-dozen Ministries of the old party type. Yet somehow our political doctors fail to concoct the medicine needed to end the simple complaint of its existence.

Now we wish to say a frank word on this matter. The Coalition survives long after confidence and even respect have left it, simply because Mr. George still imposes himself on the imagination of the country as a statesman, inconspicuous for moral qualities it may be, and no shining success at his job, but able to keep the declining business of England going till a better man arrives. That is a thoroughly pessimistic and unhealthy mood; but we think it prevails. And the specific for it we profoundly believe to be quite as much moral as political. The country wants to be taken up into higher ground; the appeal to reason and intellect developed; the sense of character and steady purpose in statesmanship restored; the problems of Europe and of industry honestly stated and clearly argued, not sunk in a warm, sentimental mush after the fashion of Mr. George. How is this finer method and personality in politics to be discovered? Deep sympathy is wanted—for the world has been handled with cruel thoughtlessness—but not sympathy alone. A mind, athletic and resourceful, open to idealist conceptions of life, but warned and fortified by experience of the hard limits that men's errors impose on their aspirations; a worker, acquainted with the people who govern Europe, and the forces that sway it from one tremulous curve to another, devoted to the toil of mastering the new political boundaries of our world, and collecting and divining the new states of its mind; a man of conscience and of a religious feeling for life, realizing that things cannot stay where they are, that Labor will resist and confound an attitude of blank negation to its appeal, but that society may be destroyed by a violent or a too abrupt change in political direction and the distribution of wealth—this, we should say, is the kind of politician that the country wants, and to whom sooner or later it will be only too thankful to turn. There is no reason why he should not one day arise from the ranks of Liberalism or from those of Labor. In fact he does not. Labor has not had the time to achieve the necessary experience. And for the moment the Liberal succession in national leadership has failed. No one can deny the party's state of more than Egyptian travail and subjection. But the emancipated section lacks a Moses, while the tied one resides at Pharaoh's Court. The picture we have painted is of a man who, in the total disarrangement of our

political life, happens to have no party at all. It is a portrait of Lord Robert Cecil.

Now we submit that in the existing state of the opposition there is one function above all others of which the country stands in need. That is a liaison between Liberalism and Labor. It is quite certain that neither Mr. Asquith nor any existing Front Bench leader can supply this connection; and it must be assumed that if no approach to it is made before the General Election, and the two parties rake each other's position from a thousand platforms, a later association in Government (supposing the Coalition to be worsted) would be a fraud and an indecency. If Labor wins "on its own" we shall bid it welcome to its fearful job more with the prayer than with the hope of success. But just as there happens to be a great political talent lying unused, or half-used, so there is a constructive work to be done in England, the end of which is to raise its repute in the world and with itself, and to give it ten years of social advance, short of revolution. This is the politics of the hour. We think Lord Robert to be a supremely honest man, that he has the necessary character and equipment for such a job, that he is sufficiently detached and sufficiently in earnest, that he stands high in the confidence of great masses of his countrymen, and that he looks as unlike Mr. George as the majority of people must by this time desire their political leaders to be. But he also seems to us to be the only available architect of a new scheme of political progress, on which the future of England depends.

THE NEW IRISH CONSTITUTION.

THE habit of saying one thing and doing another is the secret of the compromises which have enabled the British Commonwealth to adapt itself to the most revolutionary changes. There is as wide a difference between the forms and the practice of the Dominion constitutions as there is between the language of the Thirty-Nine Articles and the practice of a Broad Church Bishop. Englishmen, whose minds are anchored in tradition, never change their forms if they can help it; but unlike many peoples they do not care whether their practice respects those forms or not, so long as it works tolerably well. The text of the Irish Constitution brings home this truth very clearly, for articles that seem very important and formidable in their language mean when analyzed just nothing at all. This is true, for example, of Article 40, which authorizes the King's representative to withhold his assent or reserve a Bill. If this article meant anything, the proposed Constitution would be intolerable to Ireland, for it would amount to a denial of Ireland's domestic independence. But the next sentence reduces it to nothing: "Provided that the representative of the Crown shall in the withholding of such assent to or reservation of any bill, act in accordance with the law, practice and constitutional usage governing the like withholding of assent or reservation in the Dominion of Canada." Under what circumstances is assent withheld or a bill reserved in the Dominion of Canada? According to the latest authorities, under none. Dr. Keith shows in his book on "War Government in the Dominions" that the veto of the Representative of the Crown has now been assimilated to the veto of the Crown in the legislature of the British Parliament. He cites cases in which there were the strongest

reasons for withholding assent; the measures passed by the Queensland Parliament in 1920 were in violation of contracts, and were passed after swamping the Legislative Council. Queensland is not a dominion, and the circumstances were peculiar; but even in that case the right of veto was regarded as obsolete. It is true, as Dr. Keith says in his letter to the "Times" of Monday, that the second sentence in Article 40 of the Irish Constitution means that "no Bill will be refused assent or reserved, for reservation in Canada is obsolete save under Imperial Acts which are no longer intended to be valid in Ireland, and the withholding of assent is absolutely obsolete. In effect Irish legislation will be utterly unfettered by the Imperial Government or Parliament."

The question that many people will ask themselves is whether in these circumstances the language of Article 40 is necessary. Already the republican extremists are declaring that Ireland's "slave Parliament" is not to be free to make laws for Ireland. The statement is absurdly false, but Mr. de Valera and his friends are masters of the art of arousing and using the suspicions of Ireland. As it is the desire of the British majority and the Irish majority to find a working arrangement which will not qualify Ireland's freedom, we think that it would have been a wise proceeding to leave out provisions only included because they figure in the orthodox Dominion constitution, where nobody has the slightest intention of putting them into practice. For our part, we should be glad to drop the oath of allegiance for all these Parliaments: it does not associate States more effectively, and it may in certain moods be an actual cause of strain. Of its value as a restraint we have an illustration in the history of Sir Edward Carson, who raised the most dangerous and disastrous rebellion in modern times after taking the oath of a Privy Councillor. This Constitution is the first to be drawn after the revolution which has changed the character of the British Commonwealth, and we should have liked to see a bolder recognition of those changes. Probably if Irishmen of all parties had been wise enough to realize from the first the opportunity which the Treaty gave Ireland for organizing her Government on a basis of freedom and peace, it would have been a good deal easier to make the Constitution reflect more precisely in the language of the articles that relate to England the true character of the independence that Ireland has won.

As a plan for making and keeping peace between the two nations the Constitution may suffer a little from these concessions to the formalism of our system. But against these reasons for misgiving we must set the dramatic effect of the opening articles. They ring with the unmistakable authority of those passionate declarations that have marked the assertion of human rights at the great moments of history. There is no ambiguity there about Ireland's status. The first article proclaims her a co-equal member of the British League; the second attributes all authority to the will of the nation. The rest of the document must be read, as Mr. Figgis points out in his excellent articles in the "Irish Independent," in the light of these affirmations; the Constitution derives its authority from the Irish people, and the executive power derives its authority from the Constitution. Incidentally it may be noticed that the careful plan for the appointment of the Executive Council removes what is left of the discretion of the Representative of the Crown in the Dominions and the Colonies. In

1919 the General Election at Ontario resulted in the return of 25 Conservatives, 29 Liberals, and 45 members of the United Farmers' Party. The leader of the Liberal Party urged that as the leader of the larger of the two established parties he should be called upon to form a Government. But the Lieutenant-Governor declared that he was free to choose, and he sent for the most prominent among the representatives of the farming interests. Dr. Keith, who quotes this case of the use of his discretion by the Lieutenant-Governor, gives another in New South Wales in the following year. Now the authors of the Irish Constitution have made a plan under which the problem that presents itself from time to time to the King in England or to the Representative of the Crown in the Dominions cannot arise in Ireland. For the President of the Executive Council is to be appointed on the nomination of the Chamber. Obviously, if the British House of Commons were to choose the Prime Minister, the King would never have to decide whether he should send for Mr. A. or Mr. B., and the Irish Constitution provides that the President who is defeated shall remain in office until his successor has been appointed.

The arrangements for the Executive Council are interesting and ingenious. Three Ministers are to be appointed by the President; the others, who shall not be more than eight, are to be appointed from outside the Dáil by a committee representing all parties in the Dáil on a system of proportional representation. The President and the three colleagues whom he nominates go out of office if the Dáil disapproves their policy, but the term of office of the other Ministers only expires with the term of the Dáil. The first four Ministers are alone to be responsible "for all matters relating to external affairs, whether policy, negotiation, or executive acts." Thus the Constitution sets up two kinds of Minister, one political, the other departmental. We are given a further glimpse into the mind of the Drafting Committee in the provision that authorizes the setting-up of vocational and functional councils. Here we have an appreciation of the consideration that has led modern democrats to qualify the hard, simple absolutes of the theories that governed the minds of democrats in the days of the Philosophical Radicals. The authors of this Constitution look at a society as a body of people who group themselves for some purposes in the political State, for others in functional or vocational associations, such as educational associations, Co-operative organizations, professional societies, or trade unions. The proper relations of these groups to each other and to the political State, the right method in which to employ all this special experience in the conduct of public affairs, the extent to which authority can be delegated and shared—these are topics that are among the chief preoccupations of modern thinkers.

The Irish Constitution recognizes these problems, and it provides a plan in which schemes for giving representation and responsibility to these interests can find a place. It is possible to imagine a day when the Irish Minister for Education would be taken from the group that represents the teachers of Ireland, when a Minister of Agriculture would be taken from the Co-operative Associations, when a Minister of Transport would be taken from a Guild of Transport Workers formed on a wide basis. To adapt any Parliamentary system to such a project would be a difficult task. But onlookers who are little content with the solutions that democratic societies have found for their problems will watch such an experiment with grateful regard for the enterprise and imagination that make it possible. Some may think of this Constitution that it is fanciful, and that it sets up an impracticable dualism;

that it tries to combine principles which cannot be put into harness together. But two things must be admitted by all its critics. It recognizes the complexity of modern life, and it makes a bold attempt to satisfy those needs of democracy for which the Parliamentary system as practised here and in the Colonies does not answer. In this respect it makes an advance on previous essays in constructive statesmanship. Secondly, it gives to minorities greater protection and greater scope than any Constitution devised in the past. For at every point it is on its guard against the common fallacy which confuses the general will with the will of the strongest caucus.

TOWARDS UNITY IN CHINA.

OUT of a confusion which most casual students of affairs have found completely baffling, Chinese politics are beginning to evolve into something like order. Never since the revolution has the problem of unification in China come in sight of solution. All that has been in question at any given moment has been the degree of disintegration. Every provincial Tuchun has been a law to himself, and the existence of two so-called Parliaments and two so-called Presidents, the one sitting at Peking and the other at Canton, has been a mere irrelevant detail of Chinese life, because neither Government exercised the smallest authority beyond a few miles of the city where it held its seat. At the Washington Conference the delegates of the Northern Government were perfectly sound representatives of China so long as it was a question of stating China's claims, for on that point, particularly when the encroachments of Japan were involved, opinion throughout China was one. But when what was wanted was China's signature to some agreement meant to be honored, Mr. Hughes and Mr. Balfour and the rest of the delegates who signed above the Chinese were perfectly aware that, while no one might have any better right to speak for China than Mr. Sze and Mr. Wellington Koo and Mr. Wang, to say that was to say very little indeed.

It may be that China had to go through an inevitable succession of phases. The monarchy brought the revolution, and the revolution the military leader, who ended by so far betraying democracy as to proclaim himself emperor. Next, and still more after Yuan's death in 1916, came the emergence of various rivals contending for the leadership of China, some one of whom, after a longer or shorter period of struggle, seemed destined to establish his own cause, and if he knew how to use victory wisely give a measure of peace and unity to China. The most important of all unanswered questions to-day is whether Wu Pei-fu is such a man. At least he has borne himself sufficiently well in the difficult conditions of the past two months to make an examination of his past and his possible future worth while. After the final split between North and South in 1917 Wu Pei-fu, in command of a well-disciplined army in Hunan in the centre of China, was content to stand aside from politics till the dissensions in the Peking Government, and in particular the subservience of the An-fu section on the Japanese, stirred him to action. He was the chief agent in the defeat of the pro-Japanese and the victory of the Chihli party under Tsao-kun. At that time Wu held himself no politician. Without any attempt to establish himself in Peking he retired and left the ground free for Chang Tso-lin, the semi-bandit Tuchun of the three Manchurian provinces, to occupy at his leisure.

Chang had neither patriotism nor competence to recommend him, and the chief value of Peking in his

eyes was as the occasional repository of taxes with which he could line his pockets. If Wu were actually possessed of the qualities of which he had already given some evidence, a clash between the two leaders was inevitable. It has come in the early months of this year, and though the fighting is clearly not over yet, the supremacy of the Hunanese commander is to all appearance definitely decided. After hard fighting Chang has been out-generalled and defeated, and Wu Pei-fu, though reluctant for some time to follow out the logic of his victory, has re-established the former President Li Yuan-hung at Peking, made Dr. W. W. Yen Prime Minister, and himself accepted the post of Minister of War in the new Cabinet. At the present moment Chang Tso-lin, having treacherously attacked Wu's victorious forces after an armistice had been concluded, has been driven outside the Great Wall into his own Manchurian provinces, and China proper, if so the eighteen provinces may be termed, appears to have been cleared of his troops.

The effect of that is very far from establishing Wu Pei-fu as master of China. In itself it merely gives him the position of king-maker at Peking. The Northern Government, in other words, is in his hand, but unless he can make the Northern Government the Government of China, what he has done means relatively little. The first step of necessity is to bridge the gulf opened in 1917, when half the Parliament sitting at Peking transferred itself to Canton and declared Dr. Sun Yat-sen President of China. Here again, if the telegrams of the past week are to be credited, fortune has favored Wu. Sun Yat-sen is no soldier, and for his material support he relied on a comparatively competent general, Chen Chiung-ming. But politician and soldier could not hold together through the crisis. Sun Yat-sen thought it well to strike hands with Chang Tso-lin before the defeat of the Manchurian commander. But the alliance profited neither side much. Sun failed to carry with him the support of Chen Chiung-ming's troops, without which the Southern Government had little to offer but goodwill. Finally Chen appears to have declared openly for Wu Pei-fu, and the last messages suggest that he has effected a *coup* which has displaced Sun Yat-sen at Canton, while he is himself offering full support to what with his backing may now reasonably claim to be the Government of China.

So, if the victors hold their gains, has the situation straightened itself out. Chang Tso-lin is no longer a serious danger. Sun Yat-sen is no longer an effective force. Wu Pei-fu has a firm hold at Peking. Chen Chiung-ming promises to post himself equally firmly at Canton, though the situation there is still much more fluid than in the north. If the two soldiers remain true to one another the ground should be kept reasonably free for another experiment in constructive evolution in China. Already something of a programme is emerging, perhaps a little prematurely, though without a programme there is nothing but a handful of doubtful personalities to rally whatever is best and most capable in Chinese public life. Li Yuan-hung, to whose lot it fell to strike the first blow against the Manchus in 1911, refused to resume the Presidency in succession to the ineffective and reactionary Hsi Shih-chang, unless he could be assured of Wu's support in the execution of a series of reforms, notably the disbandment of troops, the abolition of the office of Tuchun, and the suppression of corruption in Peking.

Of that programme it can at least be said that it shows a clear and accurate knowledge of China's chief

needs. If the personal power of the provincial Tuchuns can be abolished, and the troops on whom they depend for their authority disbanded, China will have travelled half the road towards centralization (so far as there ever can or should be centralization in a country so vast) and peace. But the enunciation of a programme and its execution are very different things. The success of the new Government can be believed in only when it has been demonstrated in action, and even if it be actually achieved in these two particular spheres, the task of rooting out the corruption, deep-seated in every Government office at Peking, will prove a far more formidable undertaking still. Dr. Wellington Koo, the Chinese Minister in London, whom President Li Yuan-hung has commissioned to draft a scheme for the right management of China's finances, has before him a field in which success would write him down an Oriental super-Geddes.

Yet the task that faces China's new leaders is not insuperable. If it were, there could be no hope for the country, for the aims they have set before them must be realized, by them or some rivals or successors, if China is to be set on her feet. Nor is the situation desperate. The average merchant, much more the average coolie, cares nothing for politics, nor whether there is one Government or half-a-dozen in China, so long as he can live his life in security. The soldiers are a more baffling problem. Merely to disband them is out of the question, unless bandits are to be manufactured by the hundred thousand. Some scheme for employing them must be devised, and that calls for both money and statesmanship, with neither of which is China generously provided. But money enough is available if there is honest dealing in the quarters where public funds are handled. The country is commercially more prosperous than it has ever been, and the raising of the Customs duties authorized at Washington will, when it takes effect, as it is on the point of doing, give the Government something to live on. The bankruptcy that has been the normal condition of Peking in the last three or four years is the direct and inevitable result of the methods Peking has pursued. If there is solid reason to believe those methods are changing, under the new leadership, the penalties they carried with them will no longer operate. Money is not unobtainable if anything like confidence can be re-established.

Fortunately, too, China has less to fear at the moment from foreign Powers than at any time in the recent past. The Washington Conference has saved her from much, and it is a direct and reassuring consequence of the negotiations in the American capital last autumn and winter that Japan, according to all reliable authorities, has conspicuously resisted any temptation to profit by the present cleavage in China. The fact that the new Prime Minister, Baron Kato, was the chief Japanese delegate at Washington, gives some ground for hoping he will make it a point of honor to stand by the undertakings to which he there set his name. What should be the precise form of constitution in China, and whether the two rumps of the old Parliament that split itself between North and South can be reassembled, are entirely subsidiary questions. China is still in the stage where she needs a handful of far-sighted leaders with the necessary military strength at their back. Never since the revolution, certainly never since the death of Yuan Shih-kai, has she shown any sign of possessing them. Now at last the omens are brighter. Wu Pei-fu has so far come well through a stern test, and there are signs that he possesses still undisclosed possibilities. If he can gather round him lieutenants of a temper like his own, peace and unity in China may at length be achieved.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By H. N. BRAILSFORD.

PRAGUE, JUNE 17TH.

THE traveller who passes from Vienna to Prague is aware of a startling change in the mental climate. Outwardly there is much to remind him that the two cities once led a common life. Prague has the advantage in a situation which none of the greater cities of Europe can equal in beauty, and it has conserved what Vienna has almost lost, the charm of its old-world streets. But the architecture of the modern quarters is very similar. An identical civilization had shaped both cities before the collapse of the Hapsburg realm. The Czechs, moreover, though they seem a simple peasant people in comparison with the more elegant and gracious Viennese, have not the striking physical idiosyncrasy of the Serbs. But mentally one has passed a sharply delimited frontier. Here all is optimism, self-confidence, and stubborn will. Prague has no doubt of its own capacity to face all that may come, and it is proud, and rightly proud, that it has made of its new estate the one vigorous "going" concern in post-war Europe. It was not an easy task. A people which had organized itself for a generation mainly for opposition and agitation was suddenly called to the responsibility of construction and administration. It chose to face its responsibility without asking or even tolerating the collaboration of the big German minority, which possessed the tradition of orderly work. Its finances were in the first months as chaotic and hopeless as those of Austria, and it, too, had felt the curse of the hunger-blockade. Politically it was not and can never be a unitary national State, and it is still somewhat doubtful whether the Slovaks will fuse permanently with the Czechs to form a racial majority. It has passed through crises in which Communism seemed to be for a moment a possible cause of disruption. This sturdy people has gone to work, as its way is, boldly, confidently, and at times roughly, and it has done what human will could do to deserve and achieve success. Its currency is sound, and none the worse because its krone has been stabilized at a tenth of the nominal value. It is the accepted leader, under the shrewd guidance of Dr. Benes, of the whole Mid-European world. It is, beside a passive Germany and a flighty Poland, the one soberly active and creative force of the middle Continent. Nor do its ambitions lack a wider horizon, for the Czechs, always inclined to think of themselves first of all as members of the Slav race, dream busily and methodically of an economic penetration of Russia, and even, I suspect, of something little less than the leadership of the whole Slavonic group.

THE PASSIVITY OF VIENNA.

It is with an effort that one turns from this scene to the resigned passivity of Vienna. That unhappy city has, indeed, outlived the tragedy of rags and starvation, of which I was a witness three years ago. The outward misery of patched clothes, wooden soles, meatless weeks, unlit streets, and hungry children is a thing of the past. The birth-rate has crept up till it just passes the lowered death-rate. Wages are about what they are in Germany, one-half of the pre-war rates. Society has been turned upside down. The old classes which had the culture and the grace which gave Vienna its unique distinction, intellectuals and aristocrats alike, have gone down into the abyss, and an unpleasant scum of gamblers and speculators has replaced them. But the real contrast with Prague is spiritual. In one respect Vienna has not changed since my visit of three years ago. It still debates the interminable theme, whether Austria is "capable of life" (*lebensfähig*). "Debate," however, is an

inaccurate word, for Austria is all but unanimous. It does not believe that it can live under the conditions which the Allies have made for it: it never did believe it. It has survived without the will to live, and the clear knowledge which it has possessed of its own unpromising conditions is itself a factor in its ruin. The Czechs, in the same plight, might conceivably have suffered less, thanks to their less lively wits and tougher will.

THE REPRIEVE OF THE CREDITS.

The exchange is the accepted register of the course of this debate. The collapse which in ten days halved the value of the crown meant nothing more nor less than that all Viennese society was suffering under a sudden paroxysm of certainty about the eternal riddle. It hardly helped that Paris and Prague and Rome all proposed to hurry forward the promised credits. That meant at best a reprieve. The doses are as small as they are belated. In the distant hope of some more adequate aid from the "Morgan" Anglo-American banks, few really believed. Dr. Otto Bauer did, indeed, suggest a new move towards union with Germany in the shape of a currency alliance, but it was only a diplomatic manoeuvre. Everyone realizes clearly enough that France will no more tolerate an economic union with Germany than she will forego her right to veto a political fusion. The official world talked rather helplessly of drastic economies, of a new Bank of Issue, and of patience until the saviors from the West have had time to study the niceties of Austrian bankruptcy. The common folk were cold to these new palliatives. The popular talk was of a resignation in despair. Let the Allies take over responsibility for their still-born child. Would it be much worse if Paris should really bid the Czechs march in?

THE CRISIS IN THE CZECH REPUBLIC.

The sharp impression of this contrast had faded before I had spent a week in Prague. For under the outward buoyancy and resolution, the Czech Republic is also passing through a severe economic crisis. Her coal-fields are accumulating hillocks of unsaleable coal. Her textile factories work rarely for more than two days a week. Officially it is not admitted that there are more than 100,000 unemployed, for that is the number receiving relief. But neither the numerous workers in home industries nor the short-time workers are included, and it is possible that the real figure is nearer 300,000 or even 400,000. Not less than a million persons are affected in a population of 13,000,000, half of it agricultural.

The explanations which I received did not differ widely. Deflation and a stable currency has its disadvantages. The effort to balance the Budget, which has nearly succeeded, means heavy taxation and heavy freight charges on the State railways. Prices are high and are rapidly rising to something not very far from the English level. Czecho-Slovakia is much the dearest country in Central Europe. The employers, greatly aided by the criss-cross splits among the workers between German and Czech, Socialist and Communist, have made in recent months a successful assault upon wages, but though far from adequate they are still double the German average. Czech industry faces the same problem as our own, of competition with countries which have a lower exchange. It protects its home market not merely by high tariffs but also by a rigid war-time control, which allows no transaction, whether of export or import, without a licence. The National Democrats (the industrial capitalist party), though weak in Parliament, control the powerful bureaucracy and the banks, and they suffer acutely from the common folly of wishing to sell without

buying. In addition, Germany has by far the stronger business organization, and even Vienna retains connections and goodwill which Prague regards with envy.

WHAT BALKANIZATION MEANS.

The broad fact is that from a variety of reasons, partly political, partly economic, Czech industry, which in the old days held its own in the broad markets of the Dual Monarchy and in the Balkan States, is now struggling to retain or regain a footing. German goods of all kinds, Italian textiles, and of late even British textiles and coal, are competing successfully with Czech production, where once it was supreme. I was startled when a moderate Czech Labor leader, a strong supporter of the governing coalition, opened a conversation with this bold generalization: "We have got to face the fact that we cannot expect to maintain our industries on the old level. We had 80 per cent. of the industry of the former Austria. We used to produce for 75 millions of men. Then our home market was the Dual Monarchy with its 50-million population. To-day we have only our own 13,000,000." The speaker is a stout Czech nationalist, and he had certainly no idea that he was passing sentence on the whole policy which balkanized Central Europe. He went on to talk not very hopefully of the possibilities of emigration (chiefly to Russia), and rather more hopefully of settlements and intensive agriculture in Slovakia.

At this point I felt that the mental meridian of Prague is not so distant from that of Vienna as I had supposed. Everyone knows the case against the economic disruption of the Danubian area as it presents itself to the Viennese. They have lost not only their markets and their port, but their natural sources of supply for food, fuel, and raw materials. It is this which makes their case so nearly hopeless. Foreign capital could readily be found to develop their water-power, to finance their once flourishing industries, and even to meet their budgetary deficit for two or three years, if there were a reasonable prospect of their regaining the old markets and recovering the old sources of supply. The frontiers are the obstacle, and worse than the frontiers and the tariffs are the prohibitions and the mad dance of the many currencies. Hitherto I had not realized that these crazy conditions hit the Czechs also, for they were the most influential exponents of the policy of disruption. They insisted on including within their own borders the German-speaking areas in which industry and coal are concentrated, and now they begin to perceive that the old level of production and prosperity cannot be maintained.

(To be concluded.)

A London Diary.

LONDON, THURSDAY.

HERE, I understand, are the exact facts about Lenin's illness. His office has not, as has been so freely said, been put in commission. But he has been temporarily replaced by Tsyutupa, Commissar for Food, with whom he has been working for some time in close collaboration, and who has more than once done his work during illness. As for his intestinal malady, Lenin is recovering, but his doctors insist on a period of convalescence. He has been overworked for four and a half years, and now he is exhorted to take a complete rest for several months. There is no present anxiety as to his health, or his capacity to resume work, but a holiday is *de rigueur*. It will be taken in Siberia, the seat of

Lenin's upbringing, and spent in shooting, his favored pursuit.

PROPORTIONAL Representation seems to have done a very good thing for Ireland. The immoral pact with de Valera is smashed, and a body of Independents has been raised up to do that sanitary job and show Sinn Féin that Irishmen have intelligences as well as memories. Clearly Ireland has all along wanted the Treaty, not the Republic, and if there had been no pact, she would have declared her mind even more decisively than she has done under it. But without P.R. she could hardly have shown so vigorous a front to the dictation of the boes and the servitude of the political deal. Thus the new system has redeemed itself from one main reproach of its critics—that it was bound to mechanize politics. On the contrary, it has produced a very healthy example of reaction from the caucus and the panel candidature.

THE personal results are excellent. Practically the entire "Women and Childers" party have gone down, illustrious chief and all. Mr. Brugha and the interminable Miss MacSwiney remain; but most of the obscure rest are in the Parliament on sufferance, and remain there at Mr. Griffith's and Mr. Collins's pleasure. Clearly, too, they were given absurdly high blackmail, unless indeed it was political wisdom, as it well might have been, to concede them a political status instead of treating them from the first as a party of the hills. For this course there were reasons. Both the pro-Treaty leaders were convinced from the first that the country was with them. But Mr. Collins in particular was anxious to avoid bloodshed between comrades in the rebellion and the Black-and-Tan war; and he doubted whether, without a truce with de Valera and in the absence of a disciplined force of protection, the elections could be held at all. Nor is the trouble over. The Jacobins, beaten at the polls, hold the Law Courts as their wild men hold the hills. They can certainly be dislodged from the first position, if not from the second. But Irishmen do not want to shoot each other, and there will be a very slow, very reluctant, approach even to the confines of civil war. And there is the Constitution. Though it gives Ireland all the freedom that Canada has, and rather more than its dignity of independent Statehood, it does *seem* to make the function of the Crown in Ireland a bigger thing than in reality it is. There and in the allied problem of the oath, there is sure to be some perturbation in the new Assembly, overwhelmingly strong as the pro-Treaty party is, and maybe there will be a slight defection from its electoral strength. The battle of constitutionalism therefore has opened well. But it has only begun.

As for the disorganization in social Ireland, those who witness it are, I think, agreed that it has gone very deep, and that the sooner it is taken in hand the better, if only for the cloak it affords for the private tyrannies of the common bully or the unjust dealer. An Irishman of great zeal for the national cause lately landed in an Irish port from America. He found that the hotel of his choice was—not to put too fine a point on it—uncommonly dirty, and transferred his baggage to another. He was followed by the proprietor of the first hotel, and violently threatened by him. Next day this gentleman appeared with two uniformed members of the I.R.A., was told that more was known about him in Ireland than he knew about himself (which is highly probable), and further informed that unless he apologized he would be arrested. My friend, thinking liberty, or even life, worth an apology, expressed his regrets in language of a slightly

ironical turn. They were grudgingly accepted. He was presently informed that he had had a close shave for his life. The next day he harbored in a Belfast hotel. In the middle of the night it was burned down by incendiaries.

I MAY be wrong, but I should make a guess that the anonymous "Pomp of Power" (Hutchinson) was written by Captain Peter Wright. The military detail is interesting, though not new, and the exposure of the soldiering of the ridiculous Joffre is done with a certain sub-humor and skill, as well as knowledge of the character of the French Plan (XVII.) which all but lost the war. Equally trenchant is the story of the blunders over Verdun, and the quarrels of the French generals with each other and with Haig. The political comment (save for a shrewd and fair sketch of Caillaux and a sympathetic one of Painlevé) is much inferior, consisting of almost worthless *clichés*, but again the line of country is pretty well that of Captain Wright's acknowledged book. The author is a Lloyd Georgite with qualifications. He throws a little and not a pleasant light on the part played by Lord Beaverbrook in the Lloyd Georgian intrigue to upset the Asquith Government; but his information strikes me as partial, and his mind that of the amateur, not the student of his subject. But what a set these politicians and generals look under the cynical eye that the author of these unpleasant reflections casts upon them! On the changing minds of these quarrelsome, selfish muddlers hung the fate of millions. They wasted the youth of the world, dipped their hands into the savings of generations, and made and unmade great nations and cities. And, with the possible exceptions of Clemenceau, Foch, and Pétain, they do not seem to have yielded one great civilian or soldier—I had almost said one honest and humane man.

I HAVE read with great pleasure Miss Sackville West's "The Heir" (Heinemann). How distinguished it is, and how admirably the writer describes the things that interest her, which seem to be, in the main, the glories of a beautiful English house and the fading pride of an old rural domain! Of this, indeed, she makes a picture so vivid as to erase from my mind all the other literary pictures of this kind of traditional splendor. There is, in effect, only one human figure in the book. But that again is so original, and is silhouetted with so much brilliancy against the vision of a beauty, half of nature, half of man's affection and artifice, and the sketch of a social order in picturesque decay, that the reader asks for no more human companionship. There are other stories in the book, all good, but nothing quite so finished as "The Heir."

THE death of Mr. Lathbury has passed with the small notice that a man of culture, perfectly trained for his work, and doing it with distinction, receives from this Northcliffian age, which cannot understand such journalism, far less criticize it. He twice parted with his associations and his livelihood for the sake of his opinions, which, of course, is in these days an unheard-of thing. He wrote a clear, dignified, and beautiful style, with no more than the right degree of emphasis, and that also is a forgotten art. And he had a vision not of this material life only, but of things beyond, which, I imagine, is a thing no longer known, or, if known, respected. In fact, he could not have earned twenty pounds a year on any daily paper now published in London, save, maybe, the "Morning Post," with which he totally disagreed.

DR. GILBERT PEARSON, the President of the wonderful Audubon Society of America (writes a correspondent), sailed back to the United States on Wednesday. Our native birds have made a brave showing for him—he has heard the bittern on the Norfolk Broads, and seen the stone-curlew and the gadwall among the meres and brecks of South-West Norfolk; he has walked the Surrey heath and woodlands and heard the wood-wren, Dartford warbler, nightingale, blackcap, garden warbler, and tree-pit in the company of Lord Grey, whose ear is what its eye is to the hawk, and he has visited the breeding-grounds of the terns, herring and lesser black-backed gulls, eiderduck, puffins, guillemots, and razorbills on the Farnes. Our birds might well do their best for him, the founder, organizer, and inspirer of by far the greatest and most efficient Bird Protection Society in the world. Though we now have our Plumage Act, the cause of protection in England lags far behind that of America. Apart from the general stimulus of Dr. Pearson's visit—and his acuteness and very agreeable personality have not been the least asset—it is hoped that tangible progress will result from it in two directions. Some headway is likely to be made against the rapacious egoism of the egg-collector; and an International Committee is to be formed, composed of Dr. Pearson and representatives of the British Ornithological Union, the Plumage Bill Group, and the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, with various foreign delegates. This will be a great step.

APROPOS of the "Honors." A friend of mine chanced to meet a worthy acquaintance, recently endowed with a K.B.E. Tendering the usual congratulations, he observed a certain reticence, amounting almost to trepidation, in the reception of them. Finally the newly titled one bent towards him, and in a heartfelt *tremolo* whispered, "I assure you I have done absolutely nothing wrong."

FROM the savage tribes of Belfast. A citizen of a well-accredited Protestant faith and lineage lamented the other day to his cook the barbarous murder of Mr. Twaddell. "Serve him right," was the lady's reply; "hadn't he two Papishes in his service?"

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE QUEST OF THE GOLDEN MAN.

A GOOD many of us would like to be born some centuries hence, just to see what mankind will have made of itself if ever it recovers from the jealousy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness of the present age. But probably still more are filled with the vain regret that they are born too late. How fine it would have been to live in Athens between the Persian and Peloponnesian wars, or to have crossed the Rubicon with Cæsar, or to have fought under Alfred upon the Wiltshire downs, or to have known Frederick, "the World's Amazement," or to have followed the New Arts in Italy under Michelangelo. Many other alluring periods of the past one might select, but to the present writer by far the most alluring would be the age that discovered the Americas. And of all the living men who were born too late for that age, and must yearn to be back in it because to that they properly belong, Mr. Cunninghame Graham is certainly the most conspicuous. Does not the very look of the man take us

back at one bound to Cortes, Pizarro, Frobisher, and Drake? How well the silken doublet and trunk-hose, with a touch of shining armor at shoulder and chest, would become him as he tripped up the gangway to board the tiny sailing ship bound for unknown seas! With what persuasive eloquence he would exhort his followers to the onset, or soothe their mutinous complaints! And with what grace of epigram and gesture he would commit a rebel to the gallows!

By the mere accident that he was born four centuries too late, history has lost one of the great discoverers—one of those fine "Conquerors" who ransacked the New World for gold, but for fame and the glory of God even more than for gold. Baulked of his natural position in time, he has followed a course of life as nearly akin as possible to the dashing career he missed by just those few hundred years. And now, when the years left him for wandering adventure must be running short, he has naturally turned to live, as it were by proxy, the life that was rightfully his own, and to describe for us what kind of life that was. His recent book* is as fine a piece of sympathetic biography as could be written—sympathetic throughout, because we feel that, in the hero he depicts, there walks Mr. Cunninghame Graham but for the malignity of time.

Naturally, the hero is a Spaniard, for, however much a wild Highlander Mr. Cunninghame Graham may be, it is the courtly Spaniard of Charles V. or of Philip that he has assumed with his passing age; and, as he says in his preface, the years he has spent with the descendants of the Conquerors have fitted him to write the life of one of them, to whom scant justice has been done. That one is Gonzalo Jimenez de Quesada, a Cordova or Granada man, lawyer, adventurer in the best sense, indomitable, born leader of forlorn hopes, persistent, generous, kindly on the whole, and half-consciously impelled by a deep undercurrent of inherited religion. An excellent writer, too, he appears to have been, though all his numerous works have been lost, including a book of sermons which is one of the few books of sermons one would like to possess, just as we like to possess such books by Mr. Cunninghame Graham as may be called sermons. Eloquent also Quesada was, fond of Spanish epigram and keen sentence, at times a trifle rhetorical, as though speaking in Trafalgar Square; and here and there, even in moments of extreme peril or distress, we can imagine the unstudied or perhaps conscious elegance of his attitude and his gestures. Also he preserved till old age his high heart and adventurous spirit, always ready to launch again to meet another foe. Yes; the parallel between subject and author is singularly exact, except that Quesada died of leprosy at eighty, and there we all pray the parallel may cease.

Quesada was the Conqueror of New Granada, the United States of Colombia, as we now call it, and it was his occupation of Bogotá that settled the question. Bogotá was the name of the Zipa or king among the peaceful and interesting Chibcha Indians who inhabited the great uplands beyond the River Magdalena. This Bogotá was hunted to death by Quesada, though not with the tortures that ended the innocent misery of his successor. Perhaps to atone for these atrocious but customary murders, the words Santa Fé were added to the name Bogotá, and till quite lately we always gave the city its full title, though Mr. Cunninghame Graham uses the word Bogotá only. When the uplands were reached the most appalling part of Quesada's conquest was really over, though perils enough for any ten modern lives were

still ahead. The appalling part was the penetration of an utterly unknown region through the swamps and forests of the Magdalena River itself. A finer record of persistent endurance could not be told than the account here given of that terrible march. When such records of reality as this are open to us all, it is strange that people should turn to merely imaginary tales of treasure islands and scalp-hunting. The narrative of Quesada's little band and tiny fleet hewing a way through the virgin forest, pushing up the boats with poles against a tremendous current, attacked by night and day by swarms of almost invisible Indians, who showered poisoned darts upon them, is a chapter of heroic romance. Quesada seems to have started from the village outpost upon the coast with about 600 men for his land force, and a few boats which he afterwards sent back, and which were destroyed by Indians on the way down. When he reached Bogotá his force was reduced to 166 men and 60 horses, and with that force he added New Granada to the Spanish Empire. Next to God, as they said, the conquest was due to the horses, for one man on horseback appears to have been more than an army of the Chibcha Indians could withstand, since they had never seen such a terrific monster before. With his usual prudence, Quesada had been specially careful of his horses. At a moment of extreme misery and famine, while the force was struggling blindly up through the forest, Quesada hanged a man who killed a horse for food. That was the sort of man he was.

But, with some three exceptions, he treated the native populations well, considering that he was, after all, an Imperial Conqueror, seeking for gold as well as glory. Like Xenophon, that true Athenian knight-errant, he had a way of making occasional speeches to his men, and one which is quoted would seem inconceivable in the mouth of any ancient or modern Imperialist, but is reported by a friar who was present. It was made after reaching Bogotá, and, having congratulated his men upon having escaped so many perils by the aid of God, he continued:—

"We are now in a settled and well-populated country. Let no one show violence to any man. We must have confidence in God, and carry matters with a light hand. Thus shall we gain the sympathy of those we meet, for after all they are men like ourselves, if perhaps not so civilized, and every man likes to be treated with civility. After all, even the ground we tread upon is theirs, by natural and divine right; they allow us as a favor to be here, and owe us nothing."

It was a speech unsurpassed for humanity in all the bloodstained history of Imperialism, and, of course, the ideal was not fulfilled; for the conquest of Colombia has implied the destruction of the native population and their peculiar civilization, just like other conquests in Peru, Mexico, the United States, or where you will. Those who wish to enjoy the whole career of this remarkable man must read the book. It is full of fine scenes—the meeting, as by miracle, of Quesada himself with Belalcázar, who had struggled through to the Bogotá uplands from Peru, and at the same time with the German Federmann, who had struggled through from Venezuela; the journey of the three great explorers back to Spain together; Quesada's exile and vague wanderings in Europe till he returned to his Bogotá after twelve years' absence; his disastrous expedition for three years far away into the Llanos plains in hopeless search for that El Dorado which lured Raleigh and so many others to their ruin; and his final victory when full of honors and years over an aggressive Indian people. All such scenes gleam with the light and pathos that belong to those heroic times. They remind one of the original "El

* "The Conquest of New Granada." By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. (Heinemann, 15s.)

Dorado" himself—the Golden Man who actually, as a chief among those Chibcha Indians themselves, was anointed first with turpentine and then, having rolled in gold-dust, stood in the sunshine like a golden statue, and having offered gold and emeralds to the spirits of the lake, plunged into the waters like a great golden fish and emerged in his ordinary skin amid the joyful cheering of his people.

The Chibchas had many other peculiar customs, and among them the interesting religious device of training parrots to talk and then sacrificing them as substitutes for the human sacrifices expected by the gods. But that Golden Man had most influence upon the world, for he was transformed by imagination into a State, a Heavenly City, a wealth corresponding to the dreams of avarice. In those days of miracle, what was not possible? As Mr. Cunninghame Graham says:—

"There has been but one real conquest worthy of the name—that of the New World. The human race in all its annals holds no record like it. Uncharted seas, unnavigated gulfs; new constellations, the unfathomable black pit of the Magellan clouds; the Cross hung in the sky; the very needle varying from the pole; islands innumerable and an unknown world rising from out the sea; all unsuspected races living in a flora never seen by Europeans, made it an achievement unique in all the history of mankind."

The world has shrunk up now. When you can girdle it in an aeroplane, why trouble to start? There are no more Spanish galleons such as our poet tells us of, coming from the Isthmus with a cargo of diamonds, emeralds, amethysts, topazes, cinnamon, and gold moldores. Quesada and his little band of conquerors did not have a cheerful time fighting up that river in their armor of quilted cotton, covering man and horse. Perhaps only one who has fought his way through tropical forests can realise what their hardships were and what their courage. But somehow it is impossible to think of them except with an envy equal to our admiration.

IN MEMORY OF HESKETH-PRICHARD.

WHENEVER we read the biography of a dead friend we see that it is as impossible to describe him so that strangers may know his character as it is for his intimates to find him again in the places that knew him. He is gone, and even beyond the help of fine words. Those who never knew him never will. Those who never knew Hesketh-Prichard read everywhere last week that he was a good fast bowler, a traveller and big-game hunter, and the author of some popular books. He served his country in the war, and was rewarded with the D.S.O. and the M.C. He was in the prime of life, being only forty-six when he died; but the war, we are told, gave him "blood-poisoning." A very interesting record, too, to have played once upon a time for your county, and to have hunted in Patagonia, and to have composed some entertaining books; but less interesting, perhaps, than the report in the same paper of Hampshire's gallant fight after being dismissed in the first innings for 15 runs. Hesketh-Prichard himself must have thought so, if he was able, as we hope he was, to glance over our shoulder in amused curiosity to learn what we were reading about him.

When I first met him it was as late as June, 1915, and he was then an officer attached to I.D. (Press), with instructions to bring me from Boulogne to G.H.Q., then at St. Omer. Such a giant of a man (I think he was six feet six inches) made me feel nervous, for I had to talk up to him at an acute angle. But I found he also was nervous, and with me, so all was well,

I shall never forget that big, shy man while I can smell bean fields. They were in flower in France that hot day as we drove to our quarters at Tatinghem, near St. Omer. It was there that I saw him play cricket for the first and last time. We played an odd sort of cricket in idle hours, and once ostentatiously he put me to bowl because Ranji, who was on a visit, was well set, and was graciously derisive of our men. It was thought Ranji might be seduced by one of my childish lobs, a variety of bowling he had certainly never witnessed, but which was a local joke. And quite successful the lob was—naturally, the first one. Hesketh-Prichard took the catch casually at slip as though there was no doubt whatever it was bound to happen; a bluff he heartily enjoyed.

Well, it was only self-conscious fun in a time of stress, yet there was something in the man's deliberately full appreciation of little things like that which caused me to watch him then with interest, and afterwards to worry about him as I grew to like him. His mind was evidently uncomfortable. He had the habit, which always made me suspicious of another man—for clearly it was a matter of will—of intriguing himself into danger whenever there was an opportunity, or even when an official opportunity did not offer. A gentle, kindly, and sensitively intelligent man does not do that, except, I imagine, under grave mental disturbance. I myself saw, though it was early in the war, that there was as much honor in being hurt in it as there would be in getting into a train which you were sure was going to a collision. Naturally, if trouble came, one had to face it; but there was no sense in going to find trouble, as plenty of men at the War Office knew as well as I did. I did not tell Hesketh-Prichard that. He would have understood the point of view, but he would have roundly denounced it. In a day or two he and I went to stay in the line near Armentières; the idea being that I should be a little "shouted," to get me to enjoy my occupation. It was then I learned, in cautious and lonely walks with him, while listening for the sounds of what might be coming our way, that he thought he was not doing enough. He was not killing Germans. But the German snipers were doing our men a lot of harm. We wanted rifles with telescopic sights and men trained in stalking and sniping. He outlined to me what he would like to do about it.

We returned to Tatinghem, and for a time he devoted himself to the meticulous filling of every petty duty and official form, as though, in the rigid performance of a meaningless rite, he was doing something to exorcise a vague evil; but the official rites, on which G.H.Q. set such supreme value, gave him no relief, as they did others, for he remained abstracted and restless when no forms were to be filled in, and no visits made to the trenches. He came from that leisured caste in society which develops from a long-settled national culture, and in which elaborate play is the chief occupation, with a code of life based on a delicate and indefinable sense of honor and of service. Ruskin has explained it all to us. Hesketh-Prichard, like Ruskin, regarded war as "noble play," and he wanted to be really in it, helping to make a score. But naturally he wished to do it with the full play of his knowledge and intelligence.

Some important officials, however, were not so keen about intelligence, knowledge, and a delicate sense of honor. They were not distressed by a great drainage of lives, due to rectifiable faults, but regarded men as impersonal "power," like electricity. So precious time was wasted before Hesketh-Prichard was allowed, officially, to do some of the things he wanted to do in order to teach German snipers to respect us. One German sniper had killed twenty of our men. Nobody

knew what to do with such a clever "nuisance." Hesketh-Prichard went down, studied the problem, laid an artful trap, and himself shot that gallant Fritz. It was he who called that German "gallant."

Now, curiously enough, this success gave him insomnia; though I suppose it is no use trying to explain why. But he went on and founded his schools for Sniping and Scouting, and there is no doubt his methods and organization resulted in the deaths of thousands of the enemy.

This was his "noble play." He played well. But it was clear to me he had come to doubt its nobleness. And the senseless waste of our own men in ill-considered affairs shocked him. That elaborate code of his caste, which arose from a delicate sense of honor and service, became one of the ruins of the war as he watched, in one direction, the drainage of good life; and, in another, the chicanery, the meanness, the stupidity, the intrigues, and the callousness of those of whom he wished to think well. For he was a gentleman.

What subtle infection of his body occurred through this terrible disturbance to his settled habits of thought, I do not know. But one could see that he was mortally wounded. The Press called it "blood-poisoning." I suppose that term will do as well as any other.

H. M. T.

Letters to the Editor.

THE GERMANS IN CZECHO-SLOVAKIA.

SIR,—THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM of April 29th brought an article stating in a very accurate way the conditions under which the Germans live in Czecho-Slovakia. If Dr. Medinger's *exposé*, referred to in this article, is criticized in any way, this can certainly not be done on the ground of exaggerations contained in it, as the *exposé* passes over many petty chicanes and humiliations through which life is frequently made intolerable to the German population.

The Press referee attached to the Czecho-Slovak Legation in London answered to the article of April 29th, as he was bound to, according to his position. The answer appears in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM of May 20th.

Huge sums are spent by the Czecho-Slovak Government at home and abroad for the spreading of favorable political and economical news, but also in order that the truth about the treatment of the national minorities should not be too extensively known. The Budget for 1922 foresees 28 million Kronen for propaganda purposes abroad. In Czecho-Slovakia itself several newspapers are run by the Government, and innumerable free copies are sent to all parts of the world. The propaganda on which the Czecho-Slovak Government spends such large sums prevents the British public from getting any accurate information as to the real conditions in Czecho-Slovakia. This could only be remedied if a number of Englishmen, taking an unprejudiced interest in the minority problem, would personally convince themselves about the true facts in those parts of the country where the national minorities form the majority of the population.

It is sincerely to be regretted that the impressions of "A Traveller" in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM of May 27th are given in a way which leads to the supposition that "A Traveller" either was not an Englishman at all, or that he was accompanied by somebody connected with the Government, and thus got no opportunity of speaking with any Germans. His incorrect impression with regard to street-names has been refuted by "Another Traveller" in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM of June 3rd.

"A Traveller" says that an error like the taking away of the German theatre in Prague has been corrected by its recent restitution. A promise of restitution was given, but not kept. The German language was never the paramount language in the Czech parts of the country, but, on the contrary, the Czech language was never under any compulsion in the German or mixed districts. It is quite wrong to assume that the Czecho-Slovak State is unified; this

cannot be said of a State inhabited by five different nations, half of whom are to-day in strong opposition against the present régime.

Further mention is made of the "impossible demands" and "open disloyalty" on the part of the Germans. Their actual demands have been limited to the wish for the correct fulfilment of the promise of full political equality, given in the Peace Treaty, and for a certain amount of national self-government. As to their loyalty, it depends on the interpretation of the word. If loyalty is understood as the fulfilment of the duties of a true citizen—following the laws, paying the taxes, and so on—then there is no question that the German minority was, ever since the foundation of the Republic, "loyal" in the full sense of the word. This fact was even stated publicly by some high Government officials.

But if the word "loyalty" is understood to mean patriotism or devotion to the State, then it is asking too much to expect these feelings from the present generation, which cannot forget under what circumstances, so painful to the national minorities, the Czecho-Slovak Republic sprang into life.

The conditions under which our nation was brought into this State were not those of a love-match—on the contrary, one side was actuated by reason and the other was forced to comply. But marriages of this sort seldom turn out well, except if both associates find out in each other qualities which convince them that they did right in uniting.

Unhappily, we are still very far from this in Czecho-Slovakia. I have no doubt that a reconciliation could be achieved, but not from the position taken up now by the Government, Parliament, and by the Czech nation itself.—Yours, &c.,

E. LEDEBUR-WICHELN.

Member of the Cz.-Sl. Senate.

A SHELLEY MEMORIAL.

SIR,—Should not any memorial to Shelley raised at this time preserve in some prominent way the last lines of "Prometheus Unbound"?—

"To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite.
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night.
To defy Power which seems omnipotent.
To love and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates.
Neither to change, nor flatter, nor repent.
This like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free.
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory."

—Yours, &c.,

C. E. MAURICE.

[We are obliged to hold over several other letters.—ED., THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.]

Poetry.

THE CHINA CUPBOARD.

The China Cupboard's gray
And cool this shining day;
A hoard of age-old shadows steep
The narrow room in sunless sleep.
Its flowered cups and dishes wait
In rows upon the shelf, with plate
And jug of blue design
And homely jam-jars in a line,
And wide, pale bowls where flowers spread
Their tracery of blue and red.

Here Sally comes in working gown
And apron; here she reaches down
A bulging pitcher, rough and brown.
Into the sunlight then she speeds
To draw the water that she needs.

So Sally's self enfolds me round
With shadowless shadow and mute sound,
And it is very joy to find
The close, gay flowers of her mind.
Then she will speed this mood and be
Crisp light and windy gaiety,
When all her thoughts will be as keen
As water, and as swift and clean.

IDA GRAVES.

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

THE Bank Rate reduction, the end of the disastrous engineering dispute, the visit of the French Premier to London, and the favorable course of the Irish elections, have combined to dispel in some measure the gloom that shrouded City markets in the earlier part of last week. The reduction of the Bank Rate to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. came a week earlier than was generally expected, and the pleasant surprise caused some immediate recovery in gilt-edged quotations, in spite of the adverse factor of the issue of the huge Indian Government Loan. This Loan, in turn, must have been assisted by the fall of the official discount rate, but even so, the underwriters had to take 63 per cent. This fact serves to recall the position in the investment world before the Bank Rate decision. Until this event re-established confidence and vitality, prices were drooping, and selling by weak holders was more prominent than public buying orders. New issues that had been heavily over-subscribed and gone to a quick initial premium were tending to go to increasing discounts. In viewing the momentary change which a lower Bank Rate has brought about, and in attempting to judge whether the improvement is likely to be maintained, it is necessary to remember these recent symptoms of indigestion consequent upon investment boom and extravagant "staggering." Further facts to remember are the approach of the holiday season, the dog days of traditional market inertia, and the large number of new issues which are in contemplation. I hold to the opinion, previously expressed, that trade is slowly improving; that as that improvement progresses it will generate an optimism that will be reflected in Throgmorton Street; that Stock Exchange activity will probably precede trade activity. That seems to be the probable sequence of events. But as regards dates, prophecy would be futile. The sequence may cover a very long period, and the first phase may yet be long delayed.

BANK RATES AND YIELDS.

In the table presented below are shown how quotations and yields of three leading irredeemable securities have moved with the successive declines in Bank Rate, and how yields to-day compare with yields in a pre-war period of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The dates for quotations and yields are taken in each case a sufficiently long time after a Bank Rate change for that change to have had full effect.

Date.	Bank Rate.	Price & Yield on Consols (2½%).		Price & Yield on London County Council (3%).		Price & Yield on Western 3½% Perp. Debt.	
		£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
End of May, 1920	7	(40) 5 4 3	(51) 5 17 9	(53) 5 13 3			
End of May, 1921	6½	(47) 5 7 6	(54) 5 11 0	(53) 5 13 3			
End of June, 1921	6	(46) 5 4 3	(54) 5 11 0	(52) 5 15 6			
End of Aug., 1921	5½	(48) 5 4 3	(53) 5 13 3	(53) 5 13 3			
End of Nov., 1921	5	(49) 5 2 0	(53) 5 13 3	(53) 5 13 3			
End of Feb., 1922	4½	(52½) 4 10 0	(61) 4 18 3	(62) 4 16 9			
End of April, 1922	4	(59) 4 4 9	(66) 4 11 0	(65) 4 12 3			
June 20th, 1922	3½	(56½) 4 8 0	(64) 4 15 9	(63) 4 15 3			
Feb. 28th, 1912	3½	(78½) 3 3 9	(84½) 3 11 0	(82) 3 13 3			

The table clearly shows two things. First, the rise in quotations and the fall in yields did not begin in earnest until a 5 per cent. rate had been reached and a lower one was expected. This, of course, was about the time that the great trade depression began to exert full influence. Secondly, the latest decline has not caused a recovery of all the ground lost in the period of weakness immediately preceding it. Comparison of the last two lines would suggest, at first sight, that there is still a very wide margin for a further rise in gilt-edged quotations. Probably there is, but the comparison with 1912 is, of course, vitiated by many new factors, such, for instance, as the big rise in Income Tax, the huge intermediate output of gilt-edged securities, the level of commodity prices, and the present-day scarcity of real capital. On the other hand, there is the consideration that trade is worse than in 1912. To draw any hard and fast deduction from these figures would be unwise, in view of the

numerous and complex influences of the present time. But the comparison may give investors fresh ground for theorizing and study.

THE RUBBER CRISIS.

The recent report of the Committee appointed by the Colonial Office to investigate rubber industry troubles does not do much to relieve shareholders' worries. The Committee finds that existing stocks of crude rubber in excess of requirements are 110,000 tons. Obviously, until trade generally recovers to a large extent, a serious inroad upon these stocks is unlikely to be made. Moreover, unless restriction of output continues, the stocks may be added to. The Committee rejects a *laissez-faire* policy, by which all the weakest producers would go under, the strongest would survive, and the position right itself in course of time under the action of the laws of supply and demand. Instead, it advocates Government enforcement of restricted production by an ingenious system of taxes on surplus output. Whatever be the merits or demerits of this idea, it remains very much more than doubtful whether the Governments concerned could reach a thorough agreement that would lead to its being carried out. What, then, is the outlook for shareholders? There is really little to add to the views I have already expressed on this page. In spite of all the recommendations which Committees may make, and all the efforts of Associations, it seems likely that the process of natural selection will assert itself. Weak and inefficient producers will probably go under, and make way for the recovery of the efficient and strong. I do not see how a purge is to be avoided. The crisis has forced producers to realize that their costs were extravagant and, in the case of good companies, these have been brought down hand over fist. But 7½d. per lb. leaves little or no profit, even for the most rigidly economical. Nevertheless, I still refuse to join with those who proclaim the complete ruin of the industry. The selective process will reduce output and stock accumulation; some day demand will revive with general trade improvement; and eventually well-managed companies will sail into calm water. For the moment the most practical line of research seems to be in the direction of encouraging consumption. It is a remarkable and disquieting fact that, despite the great slump in the price of raw rubber, the price of leading rubber manufactures show a fall that is, by comparison, insignificant. Until the reduction in the cost of the manufactured article is brought into proper proportion, demand will be slow to revive. Here is a point demanding concentrated attention.

MEXICAN DEBT PLANS.

From the cabled reports of the provisional agreement between the Finance Minister of Mexico and representatives of foreign bondholders, and also from the reported comment of Mr. Lamont thereon, it would appear that Mexico really means business. Full judgment must await the receipt of complete agreement, but for the moment it appears that the offer to resume interest payments next January, and sinking fund services in five years time, is as much as could possibly be expected. Hardly less satisfactory is the statement that the railways are to be returned to their private owners. The performance of that promise is the test of really good intentions for a fair deal. Mexican securities jumped on the news, but afterwards were a little irregular as a result of profit-taking. They should enjoy a further spurt if the new attitude leads to American recognition of the Mexican Government. But until full details are known shareholders, after all the disappointments they have had, are naturally a little chary of assuming their troubles to be over. Information so far received in the City is conducive to confidence, although, of course, the provisional agreement is subject to ratification. Mexico has everything to gain by giving her creditors a square deal. Such a step is a necessary prelude to American recognition and the re-establishment of Mexican credit abroad.

L. J. R.



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The World of Books.

WE all have our own foibles, but my interest in Mr. Drinkwater's Warton lecture to the British Academy—"Some Contributions to the English Anthology, with special reference to the Seventeenth Century," just published by the Oxford University Press—extends beyond the particular memory of having once fished in those same waters. Many anthologists are so very select, so fastidious in ignoring anything below the Paradisal standard, that in practice they do nothing but carry on the chosen from one book to another. Mr. Drinkwater finds just complaint in this method; but it is inevitable. We get the best not in brief glimpses, as in life, but in the round of orthodox repetition, until in the satiety of such a cycle of paraded blisses, mechanically rotating, we sigh for the imperfect secrets. It is possible to make a good anthology nowadays only by being false to the faith and true to yourself.

* * *

THE saying about the many being called and the few chosen cannot be called a democratic one, and a Heaven of Samurai would soon weary the unruly human heart. It was perhaps a subconsciousness of this which made Aucassin put such vehemence into his lyrical cry that he would so gladly follow Nicolette to hell, where minstrels and other gay folk abounded. A week of Sundays daunted even his gallantry. And we feel that the same kind of sentiment is stirred by the turnpike-road anthology. Along it amble the nicest of the poet's children in their Sunday best, and we who sit on the gate watching the procession go by have an uneasy feeling that the child is becoming too much the father of the man, the explorer who meandered so many bridle-paths. Mr. Drinkwater quotes the reviewer's phrase: "He may at least be sure of a place in the anthologies of the future." It is a poor bargain if in return the rest of him is lost.

* * *

MR. DRINKWATER's selections are mostly from the seventeenth century, except for some pleasant trifles from Thomas Fletcher, John Hughes, the friend of Addison, and William Somerville of "The Chase," and he goes for unknown poets rather than poems. It would be hasty to judge his discoveries from the æsthetic point of view alone; obscurity in verse has a special flavor of its own. Some of them, all of us who have ever sailed the jewelled waters of the seventeenth century have missed—Rowland Watkyns (1662), from whom Mr. Drinkwater gives eight extracts, one little star and seven shining

beads, Matthew Stevenson (1654), Daniel Cudmore (1655), Robert Farley (1638), Alexander Ross (1642), and John Collop (*Poesia Rediviva*, 1656), who is just a name, whereas the others have scraped their tiny violins like insects in desert or forest untrodden by man. Mr. Drinkwater brings us to hear them in a spirit of grave piety, which is very gracious in a poet who will not have their fate; but I prefer these lines from Barnefield and Sylvester, who have clung on to life by the skin of one tooth each—"The Nightingale" and the exquisite sonnet:—

"Were I as base as is the lowly plain,
And you, my love, as high as heaven above,
Yet should the thought of me, your humble swain,
Ascend to heaven in honor of my love."

Barnefield's are:—

"Man's life is well compared to a feast,
Furnisht with choice of all varietie:
To it comes Tyme; and as a bidden guest
He sets him downe, in Pompe and Majestie;
The three-folde Age of Man, the Waiters bee.
Then with an earthen voyder (made of clay)
Comes Death, and takes the table clean away."

and Sylvester's:—

"'Tis better fall, then still to feare a Fall;
'Tis better die, then to be still adying;
The End of Pain under the Complaint withall;
And nothing grieves that comes but once, and flying.
'This life's a Web, woven fine for som, som grosse;
Some Hemp, some Flax, some longer, shorter some;
Good or Ill Haps are but the Threeds acrosse:
And first or last, Death cuts it from the Loom."

In any but the seventeenth century the common brooding upon death would seem to strike a breaking chord. But the mystical lover was wooed in a time of intense vitality and urge of mind, not confined to a narrow community of men of letters, but spilled over into the consciousness of a greater number of obscure poets and writers even than the Elizabethan. The seventeenth-century mind was absorbed by death not because of any guttering of the flame of life, but because it was impatient of its own limits. One of these poets, Robert Wilde, who wrote crowds of verses, and one poem of three lines—"An Epitaph for a Godly Man's Tombe":—

"Here lies a piece of Christ, a Star in Dust,
A Vein of Gold, a China Dish that must
Be us'd in Heav'n when God shall Feast the Just,"

well named his book the "*Star Boreale*" (1660), and the spell of the *ripae ulterioris* is misunderstood, unless it be read as the conquest of life over death rather than death over life.

* * *

THE other poems quoted are from Habington, Flatman, one of those unfortunate poets who came too late for one age and too early for the next, and John Hall of Durham. Mr. Drinkwater gently rebukes me for picking but one blossom from the last, but I did happen to take three, of which four lines of the least known are:—

"Great Lord, from whom each tree receives,
Then pays again, as rent, his leaves;
Thou dost in purple set
The rose and violet."

When of the divine choir of that burning age these are the strong voices gagged by time, we are indeed grateful to Mr. Drinkwater for having loosed them upon our ears.

H. J. M.

Short Studies.

NOTES FROM A FRENCH COOKERY BOOK.

It would never do to translate this book* into English. No mistress would ever dare to look a self-respecting cook in the eye again after giving her a book which says, talking of cooking partridges: "Don't talk to me of tame partridges, fed on colza, which makes them taste like a dead lamp. Give me," he cries (for no woman of any nationality could write about food as "Pampille" does), "give me a wild partridge, a partridge that has run on the plains, a partridge that has picked up its food in the open fields, a partridge that has known fear and thirst—it has a different flavor."

"Will you telephone to the poulterer's yerself, madam, fur a thirsty and frightened partridge? I don't think I'd care to meself," would be the inevitable question, after frostily reading a recipe that contains a dozen different herbs and half a bottle of white wine.

Pampille startles one all the time.

"You must be at least thirty, to love the *pot-au-feu*," he tells you; he calls the national French soups "four poems." "Onion soup" is the name of one of the poems. He says dogmatically that fat cooks have the turn of the wrist needful to make a good recipe into a successful dish. He hastily adds that a little love is quite essential, and warns us that cooking is not a trade, it is a vocation.

Pampille does not approve of cookery classes. Did you ever know a Frenchman who did? His recipes are all mother-to-daughter ones, he pins his faith to a cook who has been in the same family for thirty years, and he offers you the complete pedigree of the dishes that are the special triumphs of various parts of France—except of some that "lose themselves in the night of the past," as he puts it.

He is serious. Take the matter of salt. He gives the address of a grocer in Piriac, in the Loire-Inférieure, who stocks real, coarse, salt-marshy salt. He tells us that gourmets say that each grain of this special salt contains "a little landscape."

There is no good game, it appears, except in France. The reason is that hares, partridges, quails, and pheasants realize that for centuries they played noble parts in fables, and in traditional tales, so they live up to their reputation, and try to be "as exquisite as they can."

"Serve the herring very hot, eat it with the sauce I told you of, and go to bed without speaking to anybody," is the abrupt end of a recipe for smoke-cured herring. There is nothing special about the recipe, nor about the highly peppered vinegar sauce. The herring must be the three-halfpenny size. But I dare not try it on my family. The vision of my household dining off three-halfpenny herrings and a well peppered sauce, then rising and walking silently upstairs, and, still silently, going to bed, is so disquieting. It is the only occasion on which Pampille failed me as to details. In what frame of mind would they retire? In joy, or in distress? Would they feel like H. G. Wells's Mr. Polly, or like "Those who know that happy feeling that comes after eating So-and-So's Supreme Sardines"? The whole thing reminds me too much of scare lines in the evening papers.

He gives a recipe for *Bouillabaisse*. To prepare it properly, it ought to be cooked on the sea-shore of the Mediterranean, I imagine, as the fish of which it is composed all come from it, and most of them, he says, don't travel. This classical dish is quite easy to prepare (having first caught all the different kinds of fish which must go in the pot—or two pots rather, one for hard, one for soft, fish), but just as his readers are beginning to cheer up when they learn that an unskilled fisherman "among his singing pine-trees" can cook it quite as well as the cleverest Marseilles cook, he chastens them by

adding: "But to understand this poetry, to appreciate it, but above all to succeed in cooking it properly, you must have been born in Provence."

There is a captivating simplicity about his tales. Before giving a recipe in which fresh sardines figure largely, he tells us that once he and a friend were lunching out of doors at Marseilles on this dish when a hungry dog passed. The dog liked the look of the newly served dish, and cleared half of the plate with one deft lick. To make us realize the charm of "La Bourride," he goes on: "Well, it looked so delicious that we finished without disgust what the vagabond dog left, and we never regretted it."

"Some people," he says, in writing of what the French always call *les petits oiseaux*, "are too impatient to cut them up, so they just take them by the head and make one mouthful of them, crunching the bones; by no means a bad idea."

He is interesting on the subject of wines. We gather that a good bottle of *vin de Jurançon* is the joyful and indispensable companion of a thick soup called *garbure*. More: it should be eaten at a certain inn, half-way between Lourdes and Pau, "in the company of Pierre Lasserre," who, I take it, keeps the inn. He describes the view at the Auberge de Bétharram, which looks on the river Gave, whose clear green water flows between charming rocks that have nothing tragic about them, but which give strength and firmness to the happy landscape. He evidently adores that part of France, though he warns us that it is less suited to *les grandes passions* than some other corners. But it is a grand place for food. This recommended red wine to drink with the *garbure* and with Pierre Lasserre looks innocent, but flies to the head at once. However, it gives a gay drunkenness, and only makes you make silly little mistakes, such as mixing up your words, especially your conjugations. You say *finoir* for *finir*, and *recevir* for *recevoir*. But, he adds comfortingly, it does not make you ill-natured, like that terrible Burgundy.

Indeed and indeed, this is no book for the kitchen cookery-book shelf.

More sedate remarks come at the end of a recipe for a hygienic evening drink.

"You carry the steaming bowl (beaten eggs and milk) to the child, who must be already tucked up in bed. He blesses his cold in the head, as he drinks and smacks his lips."

I am glad to say that he does not appear to realize at what period of dinner we, in Britain, drink our champagne. I quail when I think of the deadly directness of his remarks had he known. He talks of us very little. What is there to say? He wipes us off his map on account of our tiny wine-glasses; "thimbles," he calls them. As a matter of fact he rather despises champagne.

"It is the least personal of all our wines. Of course, you must offer your guests at the end of dinner a glass of champagne. But it is only a customary, traditional, gastronomical bit of politeness."

The wines of the Rhône are dear to him, and he talks approvingly of George Meredith, who possessed a regular library of "Côte Rôtie" and of "Hermitage." He refers appreciatively to the chapter in "The Egoist," "An Aged and a Great Wine."

He has no interest in doctors and diets.

"Eat what you like, so long as it is hot, properly flavored, and cooked just long enough," he says.

In describing a bad dinner—(Oh! if I could get hold of the cook," he cries)—he scoffs at the various French mineral waters that are sure to be offered. He adds gloomily: "The only good table water, water with the microbes all left in, is never seen on the table."

The book ends on rather a pessimistic note, as if Pampille needed a liver pill, after too many of his own highly spiced and buttery recipes.

"Only one fruit ripens in November: the medlar. It ought not to be so much despised; for, after all, it does what it can. It tastes like a *confiture* of dead leaves; it tells the tale of the sadness of gardens. To enjoy it to the full, you must feel rather sad, and eat it near the fire with a little spoon, and be careful to spit out all the stones."

A. A. A.

* "Les Bons Plats de France: Cuisine Régionale." Par Pampille. Paris: Arthème Fayard et Cie, Éditeurs. Rue du Saint-Gothard.

Reviews.

ON WAR GUILT.

"Let France Explain." By FREDERICK BAUSMAN. (Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

AMERICA, which has made more than one valuable contribution to the literature of the Treaty, has now entered the lists as a critic of the origins of the War. Professor Fay's three articles in the "American Historical Review" supply, we think, the most informing treatment of the more immediate origins; and now Mr. Frederick Bausman, an ex-Judge of the Supreme Court of the State of Washington, and an American lawyer of standing, makes a daring incursion into earlier and latent causes. The two writers stand in different categories. Professor Fay's method was purely historical; his conclusions might be called severely neutral, and they were certainly judicial. Mr. Bausman does not affect neutrality. His book, like Signor Nitti's, is an indictment of French policy. He regards France as the Machiavellian author of the war, and certain Frenchmen—Delcassé, Poincaré, Millerand, Viviani, Paléologue, as its engineers, of more or less subtlety and importance. Mr. Bausman's findings on this grand count are precise, and here and there they are stated in the tone and language of rhetoric. But his case is closely documented, and, if we are not mistaken, he has put his finger on the questions that must for years to come disquiet the conscience of Europe, until an answer of equity has been found to them.

For the gravity of this fresh examination of the causes of the war is that, on the whole, it corresponds to an almost total displacement of the moral thesis under which we and the Allied peoples entered the struggle. It is not now possible for a rational being, aware of the evidence, to assert that Germany deliberately planned the war. It is equally impossible to assert, as Mr. Bausman asserts strongly of French statesmanship, that she made no effort to avert it. On the contrary, it is now necessary to associate her, in a measure, with England as a pacifist agent in the diplomatic exchanges of July, 1914. Her record is not as good as ours, for the reason that she bound herself at the outset to her formula of "isolating" the Austro-Serbian quarrel. That was Berlin's first and tragically mistaken thought, and she quitted it at Grey's insistence, realizing how near she was to war with England. Of her second mind, an absolute departure from the first, the Devil who presided over the Europe of 1914 took care that only one faint indication reached London before the declaration of war. Now we know that Bethmann "pressed the button" in Vienna, not once, but repeatedly; that the Kaiser did the same; and that from the last week of the negotiations the mind of Germany and England, in regard to the treatment to be applied to the Austro-Serbian sore, was running on lines of approximation, almost of identity. In other words, during the last days of July, civil Germany and England were peace-Powers; diplomatic and military Austria and Russia were war-Powers; while France, which had given Russia an assurance of unqualified support, exercised no healing influence, even if she possessed a pacific intention. Personally, there were three arch-villains in the piece—Berchtold, Sukhomlinoff, and Januskevitch. The first ignored the German remonstrances, and suppressed the Austrian report that largely acquitted the Serbian Government of complicity in the murder of the Archduke. The two Russians lied to the Tsar, and against his express command organized the general Russian mobilization which preceded and caused the German mobilization.

It is the chief purpose of Mr. Bausman to add to these capital facts a powerfully reasoned presentment of the case for regarding this hurried *dénouement* as, in the main, a finished work of French diplomacy. It was an affair of Latin thoroughness and logic. France, always the most martial of the European States, the invader of every rival but our-

selves, cherished, through her innumerable adventures and foreign raids, one dominant political aim. That was the organization of German anarchy. This, says M. Bainville, was her "political masterpiece" of the sixteenth century, to which she is now engaged in adding the finishing touches. The war made that achievement possible, the war of the French *revanche*. To that end a double preparation was necessary. Russia had to be rearmed, and her hosts prepared, by strategic railways and modern equipment, for their destined spring on to the German frontier. And England and Grey had to be manoeuvred into the Dual Alliance. By 1914 both these ends were sufficiently accomplished to make the risk of war worth taking. The race in armaments had worn down the Austro-German force to a point where it was plainly inferior in numbers to the Russo-French (the German Armies, says General Buat, numbered 870,000 to the French 910,000), inferior, too, in all equipment save heavy artillery, while England was virtually committed. Had this policy attained complete success in the first stages of the war the Russianization (i.e., the barbarization) of Eastern and East-Central Europe would have been accomplished. The battle of Tannenberg, the true historical battle of the war, averted that calamity and saved Europe from the Slav. But the European order is still threatened, and it is for the truly European Powers, like England and Italy, to re-establish it. Should Germany, pressed by France, accept the Russian alliance, and admit the Russian armies to her soil, it will be lost for ever.

Now, we shall claim no more for Mr. Bausman's striking book than that it fortifies some practically established conclusions and shows that a moral revision of the attitudes of 1914 is inevitable. As to France's responsibility for the war, Mr. Bausman's evidence is negative or deductive. We do not think, for example, that MM. Poincaré and Millerand can be acquitted of the charge of re-militarizing the French national spirit; nor Delcassé of re-forming Europe on the lines of war, and opening, with the fraud of Morocco, a diplomatic offensive on Germany. Paléologue, the French Ambassador at Petersburg, must be held to have grossly falsified both the facts as to the Russian mobilization and as to the earlier German war measures. And as far as we know, nothing can be put to the French account to correspond with the existing, though insufficient, British effort to hold Russia back. That Paléologue himself was guilty of a shocking *légereté* is evident from his admission to de Witte in September, 1914. Witte suggested that the time had come to liquidate a "stupid" adventure. Paléologue declares that he replied "*that if the world to-day is in fire and blood, it is for a cause chiefly important to Russia, a cause eminently Slav, a cause which nowhere touches France or England.*" A man who could thus blast with a word the most horrible event in history, and write down his own share for a blunder and a crime, could hardly have had a rational, or even a human, view of it. But when we recall the miserable story of 1914, we are the more convinced that its crisis caught both France and Germany at a moment when each country had entered on an internal conflict between militarism and the civic spirit, and that militarism won in both of them. The shadow of suspicion has fallen darkly on some of the personalities of that hour, while it has lightened on others, and it cannot be denied that this process has been to Germany's advantage. It is the Nemesis of French after-war statesmanship that men are more and more constrained to ask themselves how much weight they ought to attach to the pre-war Belgian suspicions of a thought-out French design on the peace of Europe. Or it may be that the pendulum has swung far enough away from the war-myth of Germany's exclusive guilt, and that now there is nothing for it but for each country to examine its own conscience for such seeds of guilt and error as reside there. In either hypothesis, the Treaty and its theology of the scapegoat fall to the ground.

Mr. Bausman's remarkable book has suffered a little from haste in production, and we shall look to a second edition for the correction of some mechanical errors in the text and in the quotations from French documents.

IVAN BUNIN.

The Gentleman from San Francisco, and Other Stories.
By IVAN BUNIN. Translated by D. H. LAURENCE,
S. S. KOTELIANSKY, and LEONARD WOOLF. (Hogarth Press.
4s.)

Le Village. Par IVAN BUNIN. Traduit par MAURICE. (Paris :
Editions Bossard. 7 fr.)

WHEN the admirable translation by Mr. Laurence and Mr. Koteliansky of "The Gentleman from San Francisco" appeared last autumn in "The Dial," our feeling was that a new planet had swum into our ken. The story was splendidly written, which is another way of saying that the author's imaginative realization of his subject had been not only complete but single. It seemed that he had had, as it were, an apocalyptic vision of his matter as a whole, and that he had transcribed it with a swift intensity which suggested a great reserve of power. Moreover, there was something new in the quality of the vision itself. The ruthlessness with which Bunin stripped the nakedness of modern civilization was comprehensive and synoptic, not petulantly and spasmodically cynical as are so many modern writers with the same theme. Bunin's story was at once swift and majestic, penetrating and powerful; not a scrap, but a finished and ordered work of art.

It is, indeed, a masterpiece, without a doubt one of the finest short stories—it is not so very short—of modern times. But the expectations which it aroused are not satisfied by the two volumes of Bunin's prose which have since been made accessible to the Western reader. They are interesting, and assuredly they were worth translating, but they are not on the same level. After Tchegov, Bunin's other short stories are disappointing. The comparison is inevitable. The subjects and the treatment suggest Tchegov, perhaps even derive from Tchegov, but we feel that Tchegov, simply because he was an almost infallible artist, would have handled them differently. If Tchegov had never existed they might have been good Bunin stories; coming after him, they are slightly inferior Tchegov stories. They are perceptibly mechanized; they lack the beautiful organic completeness, the rhythmic finality, of the master. They are works of his "school."

The decline may be felt in Bunin's novel, "The Village." Here again, had there been no Tchegov, we should doubtless consider it a remarkable achievement; and, indeed, as a study of Russian peasant life it is externally far more comprehensive than anything Tchegov wrote. But though it is more comprehensive, it is less universal than "The Ravine" or "The Steppe." Having read it we know far more of Russian village life than we learn from Tchegov; but we seem to know far less of life. For "The Village," though it has some relation to Tchegov's work, nevertheless is marked by a reversion to the methods of the Western "realists." This gives it an unusual documentary value; its absolute literary value is much less certain. Still, it is a book which should certainly be translated into English.

A knowledge of it would give to the mysterious word "Russia" a solid content which it seldom possesses on Western lips. For the West "Russia" has meant so many different and disappointing things; a steam-roller, the Johannine spirit, Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, the Soviet Government, and many things besides. "The Village" supplies a content nearer to the reality. And that, we imagine, was largely Bunin's aim. It is indicated in this conversation between Kouzma, a self-educated peasant, whose obscure tragedy forms the most interesting part of the narrative, and Balachkin, his teacher, an abler man of the same kind:—

"One must write of the country, the people," said Kouzma. "You, you yourself, are always talking of Russia—Russia."

"So you think 'The Man with the Dry Nose' isn't the people, isn't Russia! But Russia, all Russia, is only a village—get that into your stupid head! Look about you. It's a town, you say? You haven't seen the herd that pours through the streets every evening—making so much dust that you can't see your neighbor. . . . And you talk of the town! You idiot! If I were to drive a nail into your head, still you'd never be able to write anything."

"And Kouzma understood clearly, transparently, that Balachkin had told the absolute truth: he, Kouzma, would never be able to write. Ah, that 'Man with the Dry Nose'! For years he hadn't been able to get it out of his head—the

image of the old drunkard at the town's end, whose whole property was a bug-ridden mattress and a worm-eaten cloak, left him by his wife. The old man begged, was often ill, starved, and slept in a corner for sixpence a month. His landlady thought he could put his affairs right perfectly by selling his legacy. But he guarded his property as the apple of his eye—not through any excess of tenderness for the memory of the deceased; but his starveling property was enough to give him the feeling that he possessed something on earth, an advantage denied to many. He set an incalculable value on his property: 'You don't find cloaks like that any more!' He would have sold it, very willingly; but he asked such a fantastic price that the buyer was simply dumbfounded. . . ."

The village, Bunin says here, is Russia; and the village is to be found in most of the towns also. He has the simplest reason on his side, for he is writing of a country which (as we continually forget) contains well over a hundred millions of illiterate peasants. There is no doubt, then, that he intends the fate of the two peasant brothers, Tikhon and Kouzma, to be symbolical. Tikhon is a peasant-merchant who manages to buy out the squire; yet he is so full of fears for his property that he can never leave it, and all through his gross, unenlightened life, he dreams of the city which he never visits. Kouzma, self-educated, sensitive, and ineffectual, becomes a clerk in the town, and then finds himself dragged back to the village, where he slowly sinks into apathy again. But the men are less important than the milieu. The picture of life in a Russian village is drawn with a convincing monotony; it sinks into our souls like a fine mist. Sameness, brutality, naivety, filth—the cycle returns for ever.

It is no wonder that this novel (or "poem," as Bunin prefers to call it) created a sensation when it appeared in Russia in 1909. Its political implications were too deep and searching to be ignored by a criticism which habitually, and not without cause, judges all works of literature by political standards. Though completely free from the neuroticism of the period, it is none the less in complete accord with the despondency which gripped Russian literature between the two revolutions. And it is perhaps not fanciful to trace a psychological connection between "The Village" and "The Gentleman from San Francisco." On the evidence of "The Village," and of certain short stories which appear in the French edition of his tales, we conceive Bunin as one convinced that Russia's only hope lay in "civilization." By 1905 the time of idealizing the peasant was over for the Russian; it was left to be the polite amusement of foreigners like Mr. Stephen Graham and the rest of the conscious or unconscious propagandists for the Tsardom. All the single-minded and honest spirits who came after the two great visionaries, Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, have cried like Goethe: "More light." Tchegov and Gorky are at one in this; and to me, like Bunin, whose depressing knowledge of the Russian reality is not lightened by a literary genius so powerful as theirs, we imagine the necessity of "civilization" was still more desperate. Then came the war, revealing the rottenness of the civilization on which his hopes had leaned, and by the very extremity of his despair Bunin was inspired.

That is, we admit, only a theory; but we need a theory to account for the striking difference between "The Gentleman from San Francisco" and Bunin's other writings, between work that is of the first order and work that is respectable. The masterly symbolism of the great liner "Atlantis," which brings the millionaire and his family to the sham summer of a Naples winter and takes him back again, squeezed into a tarpaulin package at the bottom of the hold; the apocalyptic revelation of a "civilization" which cannot attain to life and has no place for death; the narrative which sweeps, like one of the Atlantic billows amid which it passes, with a restrained and rhythmical fury from mockery to mockery—there is no visible parallel to these magnificent qualities in the rest of Bunin's prose-work which has been made known to us. Our expectations have been frustrated, but we are not disappointed. When a writer has given us one of the greatest short stories of our age, and perhaps the only great story which is truly modern in the sense that it gives a synthesis of existence under aspects which never existed before the end of the nineteenth century, we have no right to ask more. Bunin has earned a place in the literature of the world. Is there another Russian writer since Gorky of whom so much can be truly said?

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

LAC LEMAN.

The Lake of Geneva. By Sir FREDERICK TREVES. (Cassell. 25s.)

LAST year, in a not dissimilar volume, Sir Frederick Treves gave us the best Gossiping Guide which we have to the French Riviera, and now from the same pen, illustrated by the same fine camera, comes a book, packed with interest, on the Lake of Geneva and the memories with which its shores are strewn. The most famous British surgeon of our generation shows us again that he can use a pen as dexterously as he once used a knife, and if there be any process by which the Swiss and the French could jointly confer upon him the Freedom of Lac Lemman, he ought to receive it. Failing this, he might be presented with a gold disc, such as railway directors carry on their watch-chains, entitling him for the remainder of his life to voyage, free of charge, on the trim, attractive steamers which navigate this inland sea.

The appeal which this Lakeland makes is many-sided. It attracts equally those who love mountains or water, summer heat or winter snows, palatial hotels or chalets with brown-shingled, overhanging roofs. To the botanist the meadows and upland pastures are an inexhaustible lure in spring and summer. To the devotees of history and biography, to whom this volume makes a particular appeal, the Lake of Geneva is rich beyond compare. If you grow weary in the summer heat of climbing the hills or tramping up the valleys by the side of rushing streams of snow-water, you can return to your lodgings and to Sir Frederick Treves's book, and live for a while in the company of those whose names will be associated for ever with what Ruskin called "this centre of religious and social thought and of physical beauty to all living Europe." Among the men in this brave company are Calvin, Rousseau, Voltaire, Amiel, Gibbon, Lamartine (who stayed at Nernier a century ago at a charge of twenty sous a day, *nourriture comprise*); while for female society we have Madame de Staël, Madame de Warens, Madame Necker (Gibbon's Susanne Curchod), Madame Récamier, and many another lady famed for her wit or her beauty, her piety or her cheerful indifference to the moral code of her day. (After reading Sir Frederick Treves's witty and concise account of Madame de Warens, we call to mind the remark made in another connection: "How very different to the home life of our own dear Queen Victoria!")

The sight of the Rhone rushing through the streets of Geneva used to fascinate Ruskin, and still fascinates all but the citizens of Geneva, who cannot spare time as they hurry on their business, to glance at the perpetual miracle. Sir Frederick speaks of it as "an effect compounded of many things, of the terrific speed at which the tide whirls by, of its haunting color—a spectral blue—and of its gigantic volume, for it seems as if this outrush must empty the Lake in a day." Yet fifty-eight years before the birth of Christ, Julius Cesar, for military ends, destroyed a bridge which spanned the Rhone at Geneva, and we may please ourselves, if we will, by the thought that Cesar gazed at this same sweeping current which we see, and was quick to realize that, when that bridge was demolished, it would be no easy task for the Helvetii or the Allobroges, or anyone else, to get from one bank to the other.

Sir Frederick Treves has a singular gift for telling the legends of this Lakeland. It would be difficult to better his account of "How Marie Aimée met Seven Angels in the guise of Mendicants." It is an exquisite idyll. The book is packed with easy information, apt literary allusion, and well-chosen quotation. It is well indexed, and contains a useful map of the district. The photographs, many of which are beautiful examples of that convenient art, will surely help to turn the scale in favor of Geneva and its Lake when holiday plans are next being discussed. The serious may decide to visit the home of the League of Nations, the birthplace of the Red Cross, and the Auditor, where Calvin lectured and John Knox preached. The frivolous may vote for Evian-les-Bains, or any of the other sunny little towns on the banks of the Lake where "the cure" is a pretext rather than a justification for three weeks of happy idleness. Either class will find what they seek amid scenes of natural beauty which can hardly be excelled. If the holiday-makers bear with them Sir Frederick Treves's volume, they will glean innumerable suggestions for excursions by lake, high-road, or mule-path, whether on the

Swiss or the French side of the Lake. When the appetite for sightseeing is satisfied, there are always benches in the dappled light and shade of the avenues of pollarded plane-trees to be found between every little lake-side town and its diminutive harbor. Or you can lean on the wall by the wooden jetty and watch the anglers catching fish. Or you can go home to the wash-hand basin in your bedroom, filled with flowers you gathered on your morning walk, and seek to identify and name them with the help of any of the excellent Alpine flower books which the local bookseller will be glad to sell to you. In fact, there is no end to the things which you can do if Sir Frederick Treves has put it into your mind to go to the Lake of Geneva, and if you have been wise enough, and free enough, to act on the suggestion.

The writer of this article lays claim to be The Conscientious Reviewer. When Sir Frederick's volume reached him, he sat down and read it. He then packed a bag, with the book inside it, and started for Geneva. He writes these lines at an open window overlooking the Lake, and he bears witness that everything is as Sir Frederick Treves deposes, only better, if that be possible.

DETECTIVE PLOTS.

In the Mayor's Parlor. By J. S. FLETCHER. (Lane. 7s. 6d.)
The Middle of Things. By J. S. FLETCHER. (Ward & Lock. 7s.)
The Red House Mystery. By A. A. MILNE. (Methuen. 6s.)
The Yellow Streak. By VALENTINE WILLIAMS. Jenkins. 7s. 6d.)
By Hand Unseen. By A. W. MARCHMONT. (Ward & Lock. 7s.)

MR. J. S. FLETCHER is one of our most ingenious plot-weavers. His story "In the Mayor's Parlor" dangles a dozen threads of reasonable suspicion before the reader's mind, crossing and interweaving them as new bits of evidence crop up, and we venture to assert that the *dénouement* will come as a complete surprise to ninety-nine out of a hundred. Indeed, we are not quite convinced that it is in strict accordance with the evidence as disclosed by Mr. Fletcher. However, this flaw, if flaw it be, interferes very little with the successive waves of excited interest as suspicion gathers round now this, now the other, member of the group. Mr. Fletcher, indeed, nearly surmounts the obstacle which is so often fatal to readers of detective stories, our awareness that the earlier suspects are "duds," the novelist refusing to show his hand until the detective, newspaper man, or other sleuth-hound, produces a new precipitation of the evidence in the concluding chapters. Mr. Fletcher has the courage and artistic discretion to bring the real perpetrator into the limelight of suspicion fairly early, so as to inoculate the reader with her false innocence. The book is set in an interesting atmosphere of graft, booze, and intrigue, in what would euphemistically be described as an "unreformed municipality."

In his other story, "The Middle of Things," Mr. Fletcher gives us a blend of romance and detective realism. Though Hyde is seen running from the passage where the victim's body lies, has a bowie knife in his pocket, and proceeds to pawn a valuable ring, we are convinced of his innocence, for there could be no story based upon his guilt. The actual revelation is a difficult affair, full of unexpected turnings. The apparatus of the mystery contains nothing new, though the impersonation of the missing baronet is conducted with unusual skill. Readers will no longer be surprised to learn that the perpetrator is finally run home by a defective letter in his second-hand typewriter after he has almost succeeded in trapping the amateur detective and the heiress. Although the plot is technically flawless, it tends towards excessive intricacy. We have also a feeling that it is not quite fair to spring upon us at the last moment as leading villains two minor characters of quite irreproachable reputation. But for all that the man with the white muffler and the heavily veiled lady perform their wicked parts with courage and astuteness, and give the sensation-seeker an excellent run for his money.

Is it luck, or trying one's best unhampered by the consciousness of a past record, that accounts for the success

of a "virgin" player? But nobody could hit by luck upon so ingenious a plot-kernel as Mr. A. A. Milne has just put into his first detective story. Impersonation is a fairly common ingredient in this class of story, but no other writer, to our knowledge, has put it to so masterly a use as in "The Red House Mystery." If anyone tells us he has guessed the answer to the question "Who killed Robert Ablett?" more than a chapter before the confession of the killer, or even had established confidently the personality of the latter, we shall beg leave to disbelieve him, or even her. Apart from this kernel of mystery we have a vastly entertaining travesty of the detective method with a running vein of humor, which spices without impairing the current of sensational thrills. An excellent performance.

Mr. Valentine Williams is, as readers of his "Man with the Club Foot" are aware, an able mystery-monger, and if the supreme test be the successful concealment of "the man who done him in," for a late dramatic discovery, "The Yellow Streak" may be accounted a success. But while there is plenty of ingenuity in the involutions of the story, we are not convinced that the Mr. Jeekes whom we are shown could have displayed the nerve required to remove the "silencer" from Mr. Parrish's revolver and to make the other adjustments necessary to his escape. Had he possessed the required nerve, he would not have hung himself a little later, when he could at least have had a run for his money. This is, at any rate, our "reaction," though other readers may well accept the psychology furnished by Mr. Williams.

Mr. Worlock was not only a bad but a thoroughly disagreeable man, and everyone was glad when he was discovered in the billiard room of Mr. Hastings with a bullet in his head. Unfortunately, the police could not let well alone, but must try to discover the assassin. Mr. A. W. Marchmont, in his story "By Hand Unseen," shows considerable skill in the handling of suspicion. As the tale unfolds we are shown five separate parties with an adequate motive and enough circumstantial evidence to hang any of them. The only thing we have against Nita, the keen-witted detective, is her bad taste in lovers, for Rafe, the first suspect, whose life and liberty she is concerned to save, is such a worthless nincompoop that we would gladly have left him to the mercy of a law which he had every desire, but not the courage, to break. Mr. Marchmont's notion of outwitting all his readers by dragging in an outsider in the last chapter and making him responsible for the "doing in" irritates us. It really isn't playing the game.

output, were thereby denied, in some sort, a national self-consciousness.

The Swiss reply to this misconception has been threefold. First of all, it has led in recent months to a multiplication of works which ought to be—as no doubt they are intended to be—of service to the non-Swiss in attempting to appraise the scope and value of the literature of Switzerland. The most remarkable and comprehensive of these is the "Anthologia helvetica" of Herr Robert Faesi, a distinguished Swiss contemporary poet, a volume of whose poems was reviewed in THE ATHENÆUM for January 30th, 1920. This collection of Swiss poetry, from its beginnings to the present day, is admirable in almost every respect—in selection, in completeness, in format. Not only are the German, French, and Italian poets represented by generous extracts, but the dialect poetry of almost every canton, in "Schweizerdeutsch," in various French cantonal dialects, in Ladin and Romansch, has been given adequate attention. If there is one improvement the non-Swiss reader could desire, it is a glossary and some critical apparatus to aid him in the appreciation of some of the dialect poems. The printing of them in an "Anthologia helvetica" is quite justifiable, since, Switzerland's political development and constitution being what it is, local language with her assumes a greater importance than with most other countries. But it is, perhaps, too much to expect anyone but the expert to read with sufficient understanding poems in Romansch and, say, the rather complicated dialect of the Canton of Fribourg. No special assistance will be needed, however, to understand the greater part of the volume; and the considerable number of poems from Carl Spitteler and Adolf Frey, from Henry Spiess and from Francesco Chiesa, respectively representing German-, French-, and Italian-speaking Switzerland, are sufficient proof that modern Swiss literature is not quite fairly treated when it is thought of as something merely local and circumscribed.

The second outcome of the recent awakening of Swiss national literary pride has been an increased activity of the dialect movement whose historical importance has just been emphasized. There are Swiss enthusiasts, of the German-speaking cantons, who will tell you, not only that Switzerland would have obtained a language peculiar to herself had it not been for Luther's Bible-translation in High German, through which that particular branch of German speech was forced on the greater part of Switzerland—not only that, which is no doubt quite true theoretically, so far as Alemannic Switzerland is concerned, but also that, in fact, Switzerland does indeed possess her own language, for which a brilliant literary future is predicted. One of these enthusiasts, Dr. Otto Greyerz, who has written an excellent grammar of "Schweizerdeutsch," and done much for the increased use of that dialect for poetry and drama, has lately performed useful service for the non-Swiss who wishes to have an introduction to the subject by editing the small volume of early specimen extracts here under notice. It is a fact that an increasing number of contemporary German-Swiss writers, in addition to writing in standard High German, also compose in dialect—characteristic examples, taken from the dialect poetry of a well-known living writer, Meinrad Lienert, are given in Herr Faesi's anthology. But one would need to be blind to the laws of present-day linguistic development to believe that such efforts will ever be more than local literary curiosities. There can be no doubt that Swiss literature of any importance to the world at large will be written in French, German, or Italian, and Switzerland's national genius will principally need to find expression through one of those three languages.

A third reaction to outside lack of comprehension is seen in those younger contemporary Swiss critics who, recognizing the fact just stated, are nevertheless persuaded—and several examples, Austria, Belgium, the United States, Mr. Mencken notwithstanding, are there to justify them in their belief—that it is possible for the Swiss national soul to find expression in a language not peculiarly her own. One of the chief of this band of critics is Dr. Eduard Korrodi, whose two volumes under review are well worth the attention of all who wish to investigate the potentialities of the new Swiss literary movement. In the "Schweizerische Literaturbriefe" an attempt is made to get away from the common Swiss tradition—handed down from, or imposed by,

Foreign Literature.

THE LITERATURE OF SWITZERLAND.

Anthologia helvetica. Edited by ROBERT FAESI. (Leipzig: Insel-Verlag. 36 marks.)

Schweizerdeutsch: Ältere Mundartproben. Edited by OTTO GREYERZ. (Zurich: Rascher. 3 francs.)

Schweizerische Literaturbriefe. By EDUARD KORRODI. (Frauenfeld: Huber. 10 francs.)

Die junge Schweiz. Edited by EDUARD KORRODI. (Zurich: Rascher. 3 francs.)

WHEN an average non-Swiss literary student thinks of Swiss literature he calls to mind—if, indeed, he does not put even these in the German pigeon-hole of his memory—Gottfried Keller; Conrad Ferdinand Meyer; perhaps Jeremias Gotthelf, whose tale "Uli der Knecht" (Ulric the Farm-Servant) was one of Ruskin's favorite books; possibly, also, the living epic-poet and novelist, Carl Spitteler, of whom, however, it is pretty safe to say that not many people in this country had heard until he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature for 1919. Few, if any, other names will occur, and the fact is increasingly regarded as a grievance by the Swiss. Their country, they point out, has to suffer in reputation for being trilingual. If any of her citizens, writing in one of the three languages on her borders, reaches a certain eminence, his work is quickly put to the credit of one or another of her great neighbors. It is as if the Swiss, in using French, German, or Italian for the greater part of their literary

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Gottfried Keller—of idyllic poetry, quiet village-life, mountain settings. Herr Korrodi holds that there is more in Swiss national life than her pastures, her sunsets and snows. In effect, his essays—which include an interesting study of Pestalozzi and an essay on one of the outstanding names in Swiss literature to-day, Albert Steffen—are a plea for a harder realism in Swiss literature. His second volume, of which he is editor and only in part the writer, aims at showing the response to the demand. Certainly, these short critical chapters—essays on contemporary Swiss novelists, dramatists, and poets, by their fellow-writers—will be a revelation to anyone who associates Swiss literature only with Keller, Meyer, or their followers. We are shown the Swiss realistic novelist in Jakob Schaffner or Paul Ilg; a strong emotional poet in the late Karl Stamm; a gifted writer of short stories, much under the influence of Dostoevsky, in Albert Steffen; a competent young dramatist, whose plays have frequently been staged in the best German theatres, in Max Pulver. The voluminous character of the work of the younger Swiss writers noticed in these essays is the best measure of the effort Switzerland is making to develop a stronger, harder literary tradition than that with which she is generally associated. She is trying to get out of the provincial rut once more. Students of European literature who like, now and then, to get off the beaten track, might do worse than look and see how she is progressing.

Books in Brief.

Christianity and Christ. By WILLIAM SCOTT PALMER. (Christophers. 6s. net.)

RELIGIOUS people seldom think freely, and free thinkers seldom interest themselves in religion. No moral judgment on either class can be based on this: the good, as Bishop Creighton used to say, are not as good as they think themselves; and the bad are not as bad as the good think them. But there is an incompatibility of temper between the two. It is easy to make thought appear anarchic, and religion ridiculous; and, as each is able to spike the other's guns in this way, no progress is made. And those—they are, no doubt, the few—who find themselves debtors both to religion and to thought, i.e., under a necessity of at once practising the one and exercising the other, are objects of suspicion to pietists and thinkers alike. Perhaps this does not very much matter: but, if we are to think accurately as well as freely, it is desirable that their position should be made clear. This outspoken book is an attempt to explain it. Christians, the writer tells us, "have perverted the faith of Christ into a rationalized, mechanized, theologized scheme of a man who was no man, and a God masquerading as man." Do the links between God and man "stop short in some relation like that of an ingenious inventor with a set of puppets he has made for a puppet-show? I could not respect a God who fabricated a puppet-show at such cost and pains; I cannot respect any theory of him that makes him so ridiculous."

Countries of the Mind. By J. MIDDLETON MURRY. (Collins. 10s. 6d.)

ELEVEN essays on writers, supplemented with a "Prefatory Note" answering certain objections of reviewers, and a "Critical Credo" describing the business of criticism, are collected by Mr. Murry under the title "Countries of the Mind." They include two examples of Mr. Murry at his happiest and best, as we think—the papers on William Collins and John Clare. Those two pieces of writing incidentally exhibit the extraordinary desire and reverence for the very highest achievements of literature which underlie Mr. Murry's method of approach. In Collins, for example, Mr. Murry allows but little success to the "Odes" in general, because of the astounding success of the "Ode to Evening"; many minds, nevertheless, enjoy on their plane those vivid blends of Greek and Gothic, admitting that the "Ode to Evening" is nearer heaven, and that Mr. Murry's intense "Excelsior!" is an inspiring and perfecting criticism.

The Weapon of the Strike. By ARTHUR PATERSON. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

MR. PATERSON is the secretary of the National Alliance of Employers and Employed, and one of his purposes in writing this book was clearly to further the cause of the particular industrial movement represented by the Alliance. Nevertheless, except in occasional passages, he has not allowed the propaganda motive to color his judgments. The question of the wisdom or folly of the use of the strike is one that could be discussed endlessly, but while industrial relations remain what they are the workers are not likely to give up the only weapon left to them when employers drive them into a corner. On the other hand, the employers, as the engineering dispute shows, will continue to use the lock-out weapon when they think that it serves their interests to hit hard at the trade unions. Mr. Paterson draws copiously from industrial history to explain why the strike has persisted. He criticizes the employers severely for their policy and attitude towards the workers in the past, but in apportioning blame for the upheavals since the war he indicts the unions for a selfish and aggressive use of their power without relating this question to the profiteering and exploitation which the workers observed on every hand. He does see, however, that the real problem is not the costliness and frequent futility of both strike and lock-out, but the need for "a radical and fundamental reconstruction" of the relations between employers and workers. Mr. Paterson's book would have been more valuable if he had given less space to history and more to a constructive examination of this problem.

The Nature of Woman. By J. LIONEL TAYLOR. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

READERS even but slightly aware of the work of Mr. Havelock Ellis will be brought up questioningly at every page of Mr. Taylor's work. Indeed, without special study of sex questions they will be able to refute many of the author's casual generalizations. He asks what is the meaning "of the fact that woman's contribution to social history is unknown"? He goes on to point out that there has been no woman Shakespeare or Dante or Beethoven or Bach or Newton or Darwin. This is a careful selection of great names. Mr. Taylor may still have a fraction of an argument left when he is reminded that these are rare miracles among millions and millions of men, but the fact does weaken his case. Genius itself will need to be explained before it is safe to put Mr. Taylor's question. The miracle of Sappho, too, disproves his assertion that there is "entire absence of first-rank women." Again, Shakespeare and Newton had to be born of women, and if their genius owed anything to heredity the contribution is quite likely to have come from the maternal side. And what of nations whose creative men—Tolstoy, Tchekhov—came rather late on the scene? It is possible, however, that Mr. Taylor attaches some other than the usual meaning to "creative." He is not always easy to follow. "Shakespeare," he says, "certainly added nothing to English thought or English life." Mr. Taylor has a theory to prove, and it may be capable of proof, but it is not established by his evidence. It is that the nature of woman's mind is fundamentally of a different order from man's.

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Johnsonian Gleanings. Part III. : The Doctor's Boyhood.
By A. L. READE. (Blundellsands: The Author. 21s.)

MR. READE's book is not only a garner of facts and authorities. In these matters he has gone to work with enviable thoroughness, and the result is a valuable, probably a definitive reference-book on the particular subject. But these amassed details are arranged so simply that the reader to whom the picture of the infant Samuel and his immediate surroundings is all that counts can readily find it, and, as it were, detach the careful information concerning the careers of figures merely incidental. It is the expert who needs, and will find here, the names of the children of Simon Martin, apprenticed to Michael Johnson; or an abstract from an indenture between Thomas Lea and Cornelius Ford, grandfather of Samuel. For most of us the enjoyment of Mr. Reade's labors lies in the view of, first, Samuel's father, the ingenious bookseller, with his shops "at Litchfield and Uttoxeter, in Staffordshire; and Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in Leicestershire"; the uncommercial publisher of works like "The Preternatural State of Animal Humors Described"; the manufacturer of vellum and parchment. Then, too, the good woman, Samuel's mother, for all her chilliness to the too bookish Michael, attractively comes before our best notice. Last, the hero himself arrives, a scrofulous infant as defined by Shakespeare. At three, we see him taken to meet strength and health in the touch of Queen Anne, and also writing an epitaph on a duck which had unfortunately felt the Johnsonian weight, so early. And so he proceeds, sometime under the tuition of Tom Brown, shoemaker and schoolmaster, who "published a spelling-book, and dedicated it to the UNIVERSE"; trying vainly to acquire "The Whole Duty of Man," that affliction in 500 pages of eighteenth-century childhood; chewing Corderius at Lichfield Grammar School under old Hunter, who whirled his birch to the tune: "And this I do to save you from the gallows"; and presently, after two years in his father's shop, becoming a member of Oxford University. The expenses of this last step are a biographical puzzle which Mr. Reade seems to solve with the terms of a legacy from Mrs. Johnson's cousin, Mrs. Harriots—formerly no favorite with Michael Johnson, but after the legacy promoted "our good cousin Harriots."

Golf from Two Sides. By ROGER and JOYCE WETHERED.
(Longmans. 10s. 6d.)

THE result of this collaboration of two young, but notable, exponents of golf should find a warm welcome. They know the technicalities of the game from A to Z, and their playing records establish their ability to practise what they preach. Whether, in spite of the lucidity of the book, much can be learned of a game from the printed word is a debatable point. Mr. Wethered (so his sister informs us), when asked for advice by her in her early days at the game, invariably replied that it was no use telling her anything, since she would never be any good until she found out things for herself. But the keen learner will always seek advice, even if he does not follow it. He could go to no surer guides than Mr. Wethered and his sister. Among other interesting contributions Mr. Wethered writes on Oxford and American golf.

From the Publishers' Table.

THE good news has reached us that Mr. E. M. Forster is writing another novel. Those people who have been asking who Mr. Forster was will therefore have another excellent opportunity for satisfying their commendable curiosity.

MR. SACHEVERELL SITWELL's new poems are to be published soon. Mr. Osbert Sitwell will follow presently with a volume of satirical poems and a separate volume of poems, also with a volume of travels in Italy.

THROUGH the Poetry Bookshop, Mr. W. H. Davies is to issue a selection of the "Shorter Lyrics of the Twentieth Century." Another modern anthology is being prepared by Mr. W. Kean Seymour, being a "Miscellany of Poetry," chiefly fugitive and uncollected, like that he produced in 1919.

THE Brick Row Book Shop, whose publishing inspiration may be ascribed to the alertness of Mr. Byrne Hackett, plans to issue this autumn a number of new letters of Hermann Melville, together with a bibliography. These unpublished letters are of literary purport.

"I CAN Remember Robert Louis Stevenson." About a hundred writers who are eligible, including Mr. Hardy, Mr. Gosse, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, Sir Sidney Colvin, are contributing to a volume under that heading. Its inception is due to the Robert Louis Stevenson Club. Edited by Rosaline Masson, it is to be published by Mr. William Brown at Edinburgh.

INFORMATION is asked, from friends and correspondents who may be able to supply it, towards "The Memoirs of Sir William Crookes," which Mr. Fisher Unwin is arranging to publish. Documents, which may be sent to Mr. Unwin on behalf of the author, Fournier d'Albe, will be carefully preserved and returned.

So there are at least seventy poets in West Ham. The sixpenny garland published at the West Ham Educational Offices (95, The Grove, Stratford, E.) in this Education Week, had "Q's" good opinion to start with. It will have many others. There is so much passionate reaction to life in the poets represented that a great deal of to-day's cultivated versifying must suffer badly in the comparison. The spirit of them recalls Elliott and Cooper.

MR. GRANT RICHARDS will publish within a few days "A Cricketer's Book," by Neville Cardus, well known as "Cricketer" of the "Manchester Guardian," with an Introduction by A. C. Maclaren. It is a collection of portraits and impressions as a day-to-day commentary on the great summer pastime and its most important players. Mr. Cardus writes in a warm and picturesque style, and he has a keen knowledge of and affection for the game. His writing on cricket has attracted the attention not only of cricketers, but of the general reading public.

"THE VILLAGER," a New York magazine of unflinching fresh view and good humor, completed its fifth year on May 27th, and is taking four months' holiday. The editors have decided, apparently, to equip themselves with "a certain piece of historical study" before the journal begins its sixth year on October 7th.

MOST readers must by now be aware of the prices commanded by modern first editions, and how one may buy a dozen quartos of the best eighteenth-century poets for the same price as one would pay for a flimsy twentieth-century rarity. So now "The First Edition Club" has been formed, "with the primary object"—to quote its promoters—"of providing a book service that shall also be a first-edition service." The annual subscription is half-a-guinea, following one of a guinea for the year of entrance; the Club Room is at 17, Pall Mall East. Bibliographical co-operation and occasional publications are among the advantages contemplated.

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"This is tremendous in its force. 'The Gentleman from San Francisco' is a thing that one has long been waiting for and that one feared would not arrive. . . . It is difficult to do justice to the piercing, artistic quality of the tale."—*Manchester Guardian*.

REMINISCENCES OF TOLSTOI. By MAXIM GORKY. 2nd Edition. 5s.

TCHEKHOV'S NOTE-BOOKS, and Reminiscences of Tchekhov by GORKY. 5s.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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WANTED.—Copy of *THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM* of February 26th, 1921 (No. 22, Vol. 28). State price required to Messrs. Edw. G. Allen & Son, Ltd., 12 & 14, Grape-street, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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The Drama.

MR. MILNE'S NEW COMEDY.

Haymarket Theatre: "The Dover Road," by A. A. Milne.

It is not quite up to the level of "The Truth About Blayds." There you had a whole philosophy in a most delicately colored and flavored tabloid. Here you have a piece apparently written just for the fun of the thing. On the other hand, it must be owned that when Mr. Milne sits down to pen and paper just for the fun of the thing, what he turns out is sure to be very good fun indeed.

"The Dover Road" is of his best in this vein. It is not simply a good comedy, it is a Milne comedy. That means something more than gay wit and pretty—sometimes too pretty—sentiment. It means a slightly bookish atmosphere, pleasant on the stage for its very rarity. You might dream the fantasy of "The Dover Road" (the very title has its magic) in the leather-bound library of some old country house. All the tales you were too lazy to reach for on the top shelves about eloping couples and mysterious recluses and hearts broken genteelly with a plaintive but not too loud crack, might take shape as you dozed in a fireside armchair in this story of benevolent Mr. Latimer's plots to keep fugitive couples from completing their journey to ridicule or disaster. The very calf-bound volumes of Gibbon come dancing out once more to make fun for you. They did it for the benefit of Mr. Wegg, and there is no harm in their doing it again for the benefit of poor fussy Eustasia, from whose wearing solicitude husband and lover alike seek release in postchaises—we forgot, in Rolls-Royces. Altogether a lazy, cosy evening passed in agreeable chucklings.

Just a touch of misgiving, nevertheless, may assail you as you reluctantly turn out of your stall, which you had almost mistaken for one of Mr. Latimer's padded fauteuils. You may stand in the Haymarket a little peevishly wondering whether Mr. Milne is turning cynic. For his ladies in this comedy are uncommonly unpleasant. If Eustasia is a dull goose, Anne her rival is the meanest of little cats. It is disconcerting to think that Mr. Latimer calculated accurately when he staked his chances on a male lover with a cold in the head and no razor, freezing most of the grand passions that came to his doors in skirts. It is more disconcerting still to learn that this philosopher was himself an old fool, and had to have his fingers badly burned by Miss Anne before he would consent to swallow his own wisdom. This is enough to make us all turn monk—only Mr. Milne, we suppose, would write an even more mischievous comedy about us if we did.

Mr. Henry Ainley is admirably chosen to play Mr. Latimer. He is a very subtle comedian, and knows how to make this enigmatic beau both youthful and *passé*, ardent and celibate, cruel and tender, wise and absurd. For the fish in his net a piquant contrast is secured between Mr. Nicholas Hannen's impulsive querulousness and Mr. John Deverell's agonized shyness as the rival lovers. Miss Athene Seyler gets and gives a good deal of amusement out of the part of Eustasia, though it is a part in no way worthy of her gifts. For Anne we have Miss Nancy Atkin (a newcomer, we think) from the Liverpool Repertory Theatre, a comedienne of a very pretty *finesse*. Over all falls the stalking shadow of Mr. Allan Aynesworth as Mr. Dominic, the most alarming of butlers. If there are sermons in stones, there are also lessons in burlesque, and what a lesson in control of voice and gesture Mr. Aynesworth gives everybody in this impersonation. Although he deepens everything to the shade of exaggeration necessary for the humor of his character, he yet reminds us of Mr. Granville-Barker's wise words in "The Exemplary Theatre." "This would be a much more attractive country to live in if all its inhabitants spoke perfectly and moved beautifully, and on public occasions could express themselves with force and distinction." Yes, and this most un-exemplary theatre of ours is full of treasures most imperfectly utilized for lack of purpose and organization. Mr. Allan Aynesworth's talent is one of them.

D. L. M.

Science.

SCIENCE AND LITERATURE.

THE statement that Science influences Literature is worth a little discussion. There are some artists who are made uneasy by the statement, who would like to deny it. The resentment that some artists feel against science is, indeed, a very curious phenomenon, and springs, apparently, from an imperfect education. The resentment is quite uncalled-for; Science and Art are not rivals. Mr. Murry has recently said, in an article devoted to this subject, that the kingdom of literature is not incorporated into the kingdom of science—a statement so entirely true that nobody would deny it.

But science does influence literature, in the same way that religion and philosophy have influenced literature, because it throws light on the nature of man and of his destiny. Great literature is concerned with these things, although not, of course, as philosophy is concerned with them. The artist is not concerned to make his views on such matters explicit, but they are implicit in his work. It is evident that Dante's outlook on life, in this fundamental sense, is different from Shakespeare's, and both of them from Goethe's. With Dostoevsky these questions actually become explicit and furnish the very substance of his drama. With Tolstoy they became an obsession that turned him from imaginative literature as an adequate means of expression.

The question is, Does science influence the artist's views on these fundamental matters? The obvious answer is that science influences the views of any man who is honest and intelligent, even if he be influenced to a passionate protest. Science cannot be, and is not, ignored, except perhaps by mere entertainers. None of the activities of the human spirit are absolutely autonomous. Science, for instance, has been influenced by philosophy, and philosophy by science. Religion has been influenced by both, and has influenced both. Science has preserved the greater measure of autonomy, because it has subjected its speculations to far severer controls. But some of its most fundamental assumptions, as Einstein has now shown, were really borrowed from philosophy.

Now every one of man's activities must be judged by its humanistic values. Science is to be judged, finally, by the light it throws on man and his destiny. And this is one of the criteria for literature—a very important one, although not the only one. And it may be that the scientific man, quoted by Mr. Murry, was right when he said that the sceptre has passed from literature to science, if he meant that, at present, science has something more important to say about these things than literature has. Certainly the Einstein theory will influence, not only science, but also philosophy. It lends support to a radically different philosophy from that based on Darwinism, and a philosophy attended by just as powerful emotions. And it is certainly possible to maintain that, in comparison, the illumination afforded by modern literature is very slight.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, in the preface to his last volume, makes quite clear the fundamental importance of science to the real artist. The artist, in this respect, is not different from other serious men. There are a number of little artists, it is true, who form, in comparison, a mindless class. They appeal to mindless readers or to us in our mindless moments. But they do not enter into the discussion. Great literature, as we have said, does throw light on man and his destiny. When Einstein said, as he did, that Dostoevsky meant more to him than science itself, he was not making an irrelevant comparison. He did not mean that Dostoevsky included science, or that he wrote better novels than Gauss wrote mathematics. He meant that, in the matters of primary interest to such men as Einstein and Dostoevsky, the same matters which are of primary interest to all serious men, Dostoevsky was more illuminating than science. It is the glory of literature that, when it is adequate to the mind of its age, it can, more fully than anything else, express and, as it were, synthesize that mind. But it must be

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adequate; which means, amongst other things, that it must be influenced by science.

It may be doubted whether any scientific men, even the dullest of them, want poets to write about the solar system or the evolution of plants. Such a poem would probably prove a very inadequate and annoying description of these phenomena. But we do plead for the application of humanistic ideals to literature. A purely literary man, in the sense that has become popular since Flaubert, is just as narrow a specialist as any scientific man can be, and falls just as far short of being a mature and balanced human being. He is just as singular and pitiful an abortion, judged by the broad sanity of the Greek ideal. If the literary mind is to be a mind through which no big and vitalizing conceptions, however pertinent to man's destiny, are to be allowed to pass unless they have occurred to other literary minds, then literature must be rescued from the literary expert. As a contributor to *THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM* has recently said, literature exists to express the hopes and fears, the strivings of humanity. It is, or should be, the least exclusive of all man's activities. And it must at least be judged by the same humanistic criteria as are applied to science, if it is to be taken as seriously, and not merely entered under the heading "Sports and Pastimes." As we have said, none of man's chief concerns are independent of one another. Even a musician, the most self-sufficient of artists, does not grow wholly by battenning on the work of other musicians. We remember an old professor of the pianoforte who used to tell his pupils: "Practise three hours daily, read novels and books of travel, and look at public buildings." The spirit was right, although the actual advice may have been eccentric.

This modern superstition of exclusive activities reminds one of the old psychological doctrine of "faculties," and is possibly not unconnected with it. It was thought that the mind functioned in departments (a curious development of this idea is "phrenology"); besides the main divisions "emotion," "will," "reason," &c., we arrived at many species of each, all operating separately. It is a natural extension of this error to make human beings more specialized than they really are. Genuine, inherent specialization is really a sign of impotence. The "cold mathematician" of the comic papers and the novels of feminine adolescence would almost certainly be a very bad mathematician, and the "purely literary man," invented in France and imported into this country, has proved himself, so far, to be a rather dull fellow. When you have tabulated the qualities which go to make up a big literary or scientific man you will find they are not purely literary nor purely scientific. You will find they each have some resemblance to the ideal philosopher, the man interested in everything, and powerful enough to turn everything into grist for his mill.

S.

Forthcoming Meetings.

- Sun. 25. South Place Ethical Society, 11 a.m.—"The Intellectual Reaction in America," Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe.
Indian Students' Union (Keppel Street, W.C.1), 8.—Lantern Lecture: "An Engineering Tour in India," Dr. J. F. Crowley.
Mon. 26. Royal Institute of British Architects, 8.30.—Presentation of the Royal Gold Medal.
Royal Geographical Society, 8.30.—"The Oxford Expedition to Spitsbergen, 1921," Mr. R. A. Frazer.
Faraday Society (Chemical Society, Burlington House, W.1), 8.—"The Law of Distribution of Particles in Colloidal Suspensions, with special reference to Perrin's Investigation," Prof. A. W. Porter, President; and other Papers.
British Academy (Royal Society, Burlington House, W.1), 5.—Annual Lecture on Aspects of Art.—"Seventeenth-Century Sculpture in Italy in its Relation to Classical Art," Mrs. Eugenie Strong, Chairman, The Rt. Hon. The Earl of Balfour, President.

- Tues. 27. Royal Anthropological Institute (50, Great Russell Street, W.C.1), 8.15.—"The Study of English Place-Names," Prof. Allen Mawer.
Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.30.—Annual Conversazione.
King's College, 5.30.—"The Idea of Value in the History of Philosophy," Lecture II, "Kant and Neo-Hegelianism," Miss Hilda D. Oakeley.
Royal Colonial Institute, 4.—"Papua and the Western Pacific," Miss Beatrice Grimshaw.
Wed. 28. Geological Society, 5.30.—"The Petrology of the Metamorphosed Rocks of Start District (South Devon)," Prof. C. E. Tilley; and other Papers.
Indian Students' Union (Keppel Street, W.C.1), 8.—Special Lecture, Bishop J. T. Welldon.
Thurs. 29. Royal Society, 4.30.—"On the Analysis of Positive Rays of the Heavier Constituents of the Atmosphere," Sir J. J. Thompson; "The Corrosion of Iron and Steel," Sir Robert Hadfield; and other Papers.
Fri. 30. Association of Economic Biologists.—Annual Field Meeting. (Leave London 11.15 for the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens, Wisley, Ripley, Surrey.)
King's College, 5.30.—"The Crisis in Tolstoy's Life," Mr. J. Kolni-Baltsky.

The Week's Books.

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

PHILOSOPHY.

- Auto-Suggestion: What it is and How to Practice it. By A Student of Psychology. Jarrolds, 1/-.
*Maldane (Viscount). The Philosophy of Humanism and other Subjects. Murray, 12/-.
Kingsland (William). Our Infinite Life. Allen & Unwin, 6/6.
*Sinclair (May). The New Idealism. Macmillan, 14/-.

SOCIOLOGY, ECONOMICS, POLITICS.

- Baden-Powell (Sir R.). Rovering to Success. A Book of Life-Sport for Young Men. H. Jenkins, 2/6.
*Bausman (Frederick). Let France Explain. Allen & Unwin, 10/6.
Carver (Thomas N.). Principles of National Economy. Ginn & Co., 15/-.
*Ewart (Wilfred). A Journey in Ireland, 1921. Putnam, 6/-.
Gide (Charles). First Principles of Political Economy. Tr. by Ernest F. Row. Harrap, 2/-.
*Hodgskins (Thomas). Labor Defended. Introd. by G. H. D. Cole. Labor Publishing Co., 1/6.
Houston (H. J.) and Valdar (Lionel). Modern Electioneering Practice. Knight & Co., 227, Tooley St., S.E.1, 35/-.
Kimball (Everett). State and Municipal Government in the United States. Ginn & Co., 17/6.
*Lippmann (Walter). Public Opinion. Allen & Unwin, 12/6.
Macara (Sir Charles W.). Getting the World to Work. Manchester, Sherratt & Hughes, 5/-.
Mercur (T. W.), ed. Dr. William King and the Co-operator, 1828-1830. H. Manchester, Co-operative Union, Ltd., Holyoake House, Hanover St., 5/-.
Nankivill (Joice M.) and Loch (Sydney). Ireland in Travail. Murray, 7/6.
Pomp of Power (Anonymous). Hutchinson, 18/-.
Reinsch (Paul S.). Secret Diplomacy: How Far Can it Be Eliminated? Allen & Unwin, 8/6.
Snowden (Mrs. Philip), Thomas (Rt. Hon. J. H.), Williams (Robert), and others. What We Want and Why. Collins, 7/6.
*Stoddard (Lothrop). The Revolt Against Civilization: the Menace of the Under-Man. Chapman & Hall, 16/-.

EDUCATION.

- Kellow (H. A.). A Practical Training in English. Harrap, 3/6.
Lanson (René) and Dessein (Jules). La France et Sa Civilisation. (Harrap's Modern Language Series). Harrap, 5/-.
Westaway (K. M.). The Educational Theory of Plutarch. Univ. of London Press, 7/6.

PHILOLOGY.

- Feist (Sigmund). Etymologisches Wörterbuch der Gotischen Sprache: Dritte Lieferung: HL—PL. Halle (Saale), Max Niemeyer.
*Fleure (Herbert J.). The Peoples of Europe. Milford, 2/6.

NATURAL SCIENCE.

- *Carr (H. Wildon). A Theory of Monads. Outlines of the Philosophy of the Principle of Relativity. Macmillan, 15/-.
*Garnett (William). A Little Book on Water Supply. Cambridge University Press, 6/6.
Geological Survey of India. Vol. XLVIII. Geological Notes on Mesopotamia, with Special Reference to Occurrences of Petroleum. By E. H. Pascoe. Calcutta, Geological Survey, 27, Chowringhee Road, 5rup.
Hale (George Ellery). The New Heavens. H. Scribner, 7/6.
Hornaday (William T.). The Minds and Manners of Wild Animals: a Book of Personal Observations. H. New York, Scribners, 12/6.
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